BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1948

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 37 No. 1 JULY, 1948

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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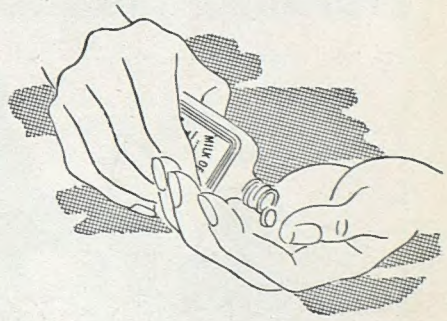

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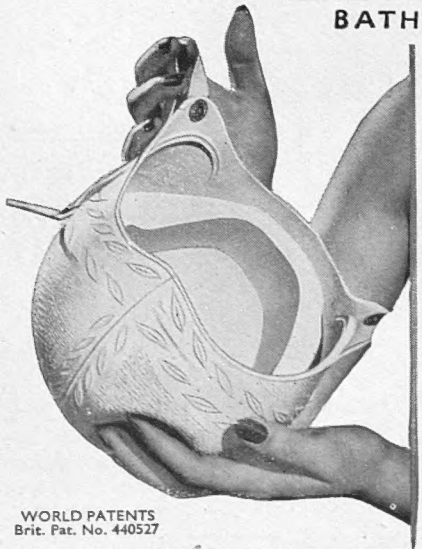

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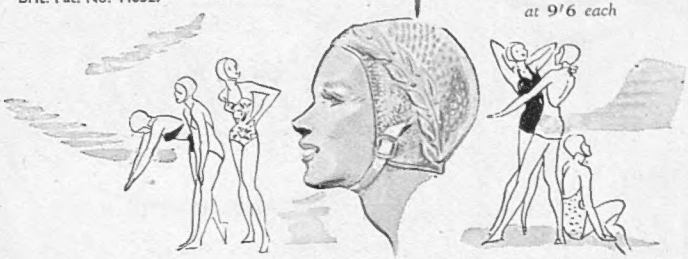

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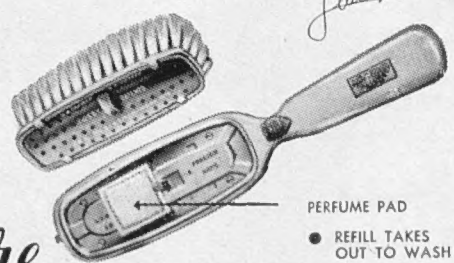

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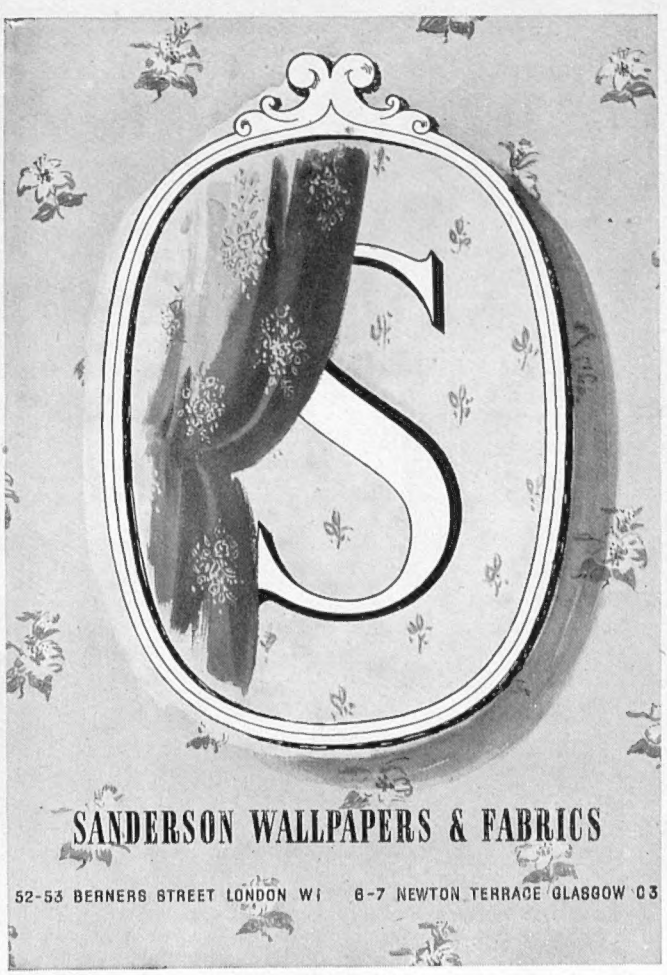

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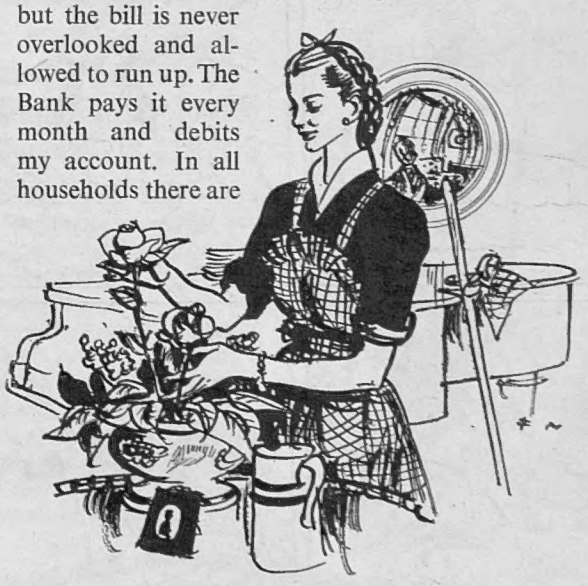

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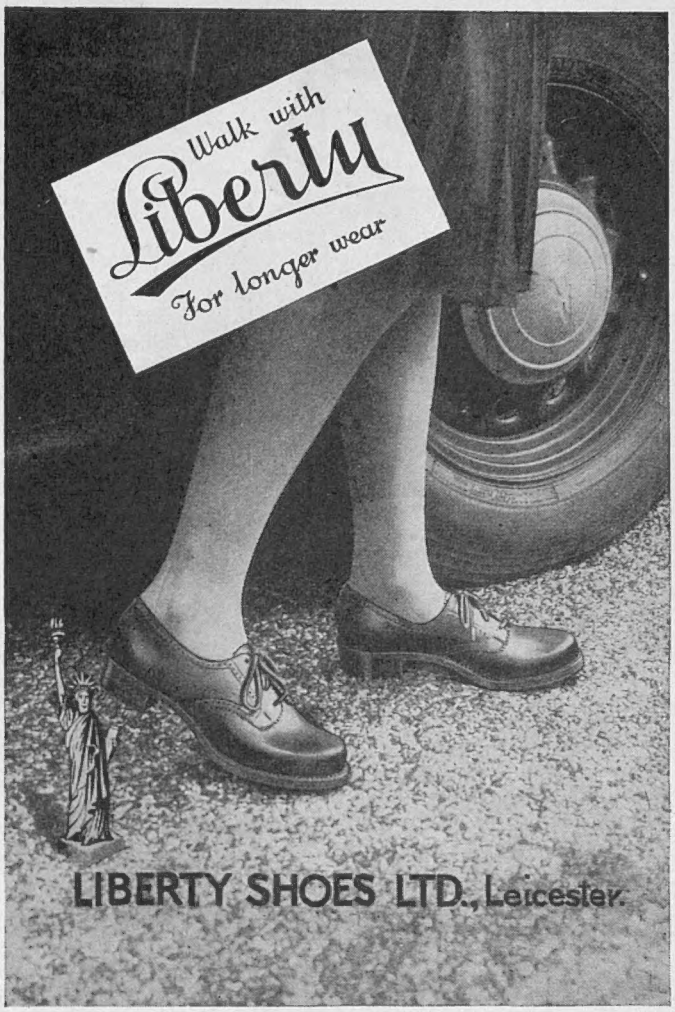

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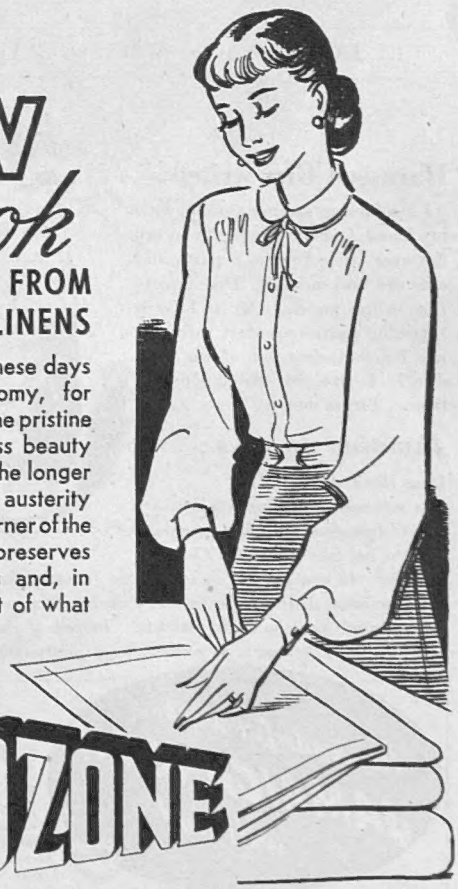

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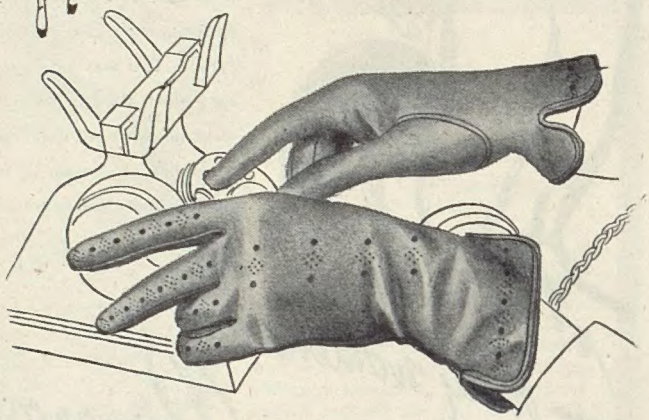

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"I don't have to worry about dear old George. Dear old George isn't like that. I can't see him *running away"*

TWO shapeless, middle-aged women were discussing the latest scandal in their little country town. Ethel Baradell-Smith was the stouter and more dowdy of the two. Nobody could say where her figure ended. Her hair was a grey turmoil. She had a rasping voice, suited to conversation in a tunnel; she seemed always to be talking something or somebody down—the clank of wheels, operatic music, or an equally talkative companion. But now it was time for her to go back to her own house. George would be home, and she had all this to tell him. All this about Tim Ferrars, who had left his wife.

"Well, there 's one good thing," she said with a satisfied smile. "I don't have to worry about dear old George. Dear old George isn't like that. I can't see *him* running away."

"You never know, dear," said the other woman maliciously.

"Believe me, I do, darling. I shouldn't wonder at all if Jane wasn't getting a little anxious about the Major. I think, if I were Jane, I should be getting just a little anxious. He always strikes me as that sort of man. But George is quite, quite different. He 's a different *type*, if you see what I mean. I haven't been married twenty-five years to dear old George without knowing what his faults are, and believe me, Polly, he 's not that *type*. Well," she gave her unmusical laugh, "look at him!" She touched cheeks with her friend and left, calling out something as she went. She was quite right. George himself could have told her that he would never leave her—now.

THE four children had grown up together: George and Roger Baradell-Smith, Mary Somers and Ethel Pritchard. Roger was a cousin of George's, and spent his holidays with them; his parents lived in India. Mary was the overworked doctor's daughter, and was at the square house at the end of the village. Ethel was the much-petted, orphaned granddaughter of the old Vicar. George's father was an engineer, and always going away. In the holidays the four children went in and out of each other's houses, and did pretty much what they liked.

Mary was George's first love. She was quieter than Ethel and not so pretty, but then George was rather a stolid child, and the chattering, laughing, jumping-up-and-down Ethel bothered him. Ethel was better suited to the more dashing Roger. At the awkward age Ethel's self-consciousness sobered her down. She was now not quite so ready of tongue, fearing to be attacked herself. George found himself liking her better, and for the first time her prettiness attracted him. When they were all grown up, or what they thought was grown up, he was at first as happy with the two of them together as with either alone. They were both of them delightful girls. There was something restful about Mary, and this last year or two had given her a bloom, so that she was almost as pretty as the other. Yet being slow of speech himself, he admired Ethel's readiness, her flow of high spirits. She was good company when one felt in that mood.

He seemed to take it for granted in his unromantic way that he would marry one of them. He wasn't in love with either, but he was in love with the idea of getting engaged, getting married and settling down. He was still a little uncertain which one he preferred, when Roger decided it for him. Roger and Mary announced their engagement. So naturally George married Ethel. Ethel had already promised herself George; Roger was the more dashing, but the more unreliable; George was the safe one. Also—and this was important, he was the better listener.

Roger and Mary went off to South Africa. There was a little correspondence at first between the two girls; but correspondence at that distance was too one-sided to keep them together, and Mary passed out of George's life. He settled down with Ethel.

Ethel was pretty in those days, attractive of face and body; and George was a born husband. They had one child, whom they adored, Penelope. For five years George was happy. Then, when they were all off for a holiday together, Penelope fell out of a train and was killed. Perhaps he thought it was Ethel's fault, the child was on her side of the carriage; probably she thought he thought so; in fact, it was nobody's fault. Ethel abandoned herself to grief and an exaggerated remorse. She had killed her child. Never, never, never would she have another. Both George and the local vicar had tried to console her. The vicar drew a picture of Penelope in Heaven, released from the cares of this world; and, with more assurance, spoke of Time, the Great Healer. He was right. Time went on, and they forgot Penelope. But long before this Ethel had let her figure go, for what did anything matter now? And George had ceased to be a husband, and was dear old George.

GEORGE was a year or two short of fifty when Mary came back into his life. He still had thick, black hair without a sign of grey in it, a little close-clipped, black moustache, and a trim, well-carried figure; with these to help him there was no reason why he should ever show his age. In the train which the more important people in offices caught every evening he was not noticeable. He wore, like so many of them, a short, black coat and striped trousers; he carried, sometimes, a despatch-case. A fellow-traveller, remote from the business world and contemptuous of their conventional, unimaginative pattern, might perhaps have picked out George from the others as somehow a little more human. He looked likeable, which some of the others didn't; he might have had, which none of the others had, a subtle sense of humour. He was kind and quiet. One would be safe in putting him up for one's club. But obviously on the Stock Exchange or somewhere—poor devil.

Mary recognised him at once.

"Hallo, George," she said, as if they had parted last week.

He turned round, taking off his hat automatically, looked at her for a moment, wrinkling up his eyes in that way she knew, and said: "Why, it's Mary, isn't it? Well!"

They told each other a little of their immediate news, standing on the pavement. He had a business call to make just round the corner in Arlington Street; couldn't they have tea somewhere afterwards? Roger had died three years ago; she was over in England for a visit; she wasn't sure if she would stay. Yes, she smiled, she was quite alone in the world; she had a little flat in Chelsea. Couldn't he come and have tea with her there? He'd love to; he had to catch the 5.30, but he would be with her at four, and that would give them time for a real good talk. How nice. And Ethel? Ethel was quite well, down in the country. "I *am* glad to see you again, Mary." "So am I, George; you don't look a day older." "Nor do you, Mary." She laughed and shook her head at him. She knew how far from the truth it was.

But much farther from the truth, thought George, as they sat happily over tea together, was the absurd suggestion that she and Ethel were the same age. Mary was twenty years younger than Ethel, with a figure well under control, a beautifully made-up face, and her own fair hair as shining, as wavy, as ever. Not a day over forty, and a modern forty at that. Whereas Ethel—he looked at her dispassionately when he got home that night. Sixty? Well, it didn't really matter. It was just the difference between a woman whom you would like to introduce to strangers as your wife, and—and Ethel.

"Oh, who do you think I ran into to-day? Mary!"

"Mary Somers?"

"Yes. She's a widow now. Roger died three years ago. She's over in England for a bit."

"Well, she might at least have told us. Whom do you think *I* met to-day? The new Mrs. Viner!"

"Who on earth is she?"

"My dear old George, don't pretend to be so stupid. You knew that John had married again, and naturally we all wondered what she was going to be like. I said—and I generally know these things; it's a sort of instinct, I suppose—that he would choose somebody as much like dear Amy as possible. You see, I always feel that there are two *types* of husband. There's the type which——"

He listened as he always listened now; saying "Yes" and "I think you're right" and "Really?", while his mind was elsewhere. How restful Mary was. How nice to be with somebody who liked to hear you talk, who listened, who was interested.

Mary recognised him at once. "Hallo, George," she said, as if they had parted last week. He turned round, taking off his hat automatically

The new Mrs. Viner disposed of, Ethel remembered Mary.

"Fancy Mary again! Would you like to ask her down here, darling?"

"No. I don't think so."

She smiled affectionately at him. "How right you are, George. It never does, trying to renew old friendships. It isn't as if we hadn't got plenty of nice friends here. Too many, I sometimes say." She gave the laugh of an almost-too-popular woman. George felt glad that now he would keep Mary to himself.

He had tea again with her next week. Soon it became a habit. Tea with Mary on Wednesday at four; leave at five; catch the five-thirty. On special occasions—her birthday, for example, or his, or some still-remembered red-lettered day from their childhood—they had lunch together, and shopped, or sat in the park; but still were back for tea at four, and always he left at five, and caught the five-thirty. It was his rest hour—an hour of peaceful happiness with a dear woman; the woman whom he ought to have married. The week was now reckoned from Wednesday. One was never more than three days away

from it. However harshly, however persistently, Ethel talked, only three days ago Mary's gentle voice . . . in three days from now Mary's placid understanding. . . . At the end of a year Mary was as much part of his life as the more frequent five-thirty.

When she told him one Wednesday that she might be giving up the flat and going back to South Africa, he knew at once that he couldn't let her go. At first he supposed that he was just asking her not to leave him; begging her not to spoil his Wednesdays, not to take away the one day in the week which made his life consciously happy again. Then he realised that he was saying more than that; he was telling her that if she went, he must go with her. He was reminding her that as children they had sworn to get married. He was on the verge of telling her that he had always loved her.

Mary listened, surprised and deeply touched. She knew that she would miss their Wednesdays as much as he. She could imagine, and would have welcomed, a week of Wednesdays, for she was tired of being alone. Her life with the dashing Roger had reached the heights and the depths. She would never be in love like that again, nor did she want to be. Life with George, she thought, would be very restful, very comfortable. Dear old George! So good, so kind, so right. One could trust him always. One would never see that look in his eyes, that awareness of the other sex, which she had seen so often in Roger's; so miserably, jealously, often in Roger's.

They talked it over sensibly. They were two sensible middle-aged people. George was a good business man, and as soon as he saw that she was wavering, he began to be businesslike. At the back of his mind he was still feeling astonished that it was he, George Baradell-Smith, who was actually "running away" from his wife! Getting divorced!

"Of course," he pointed out, "you being Mrs. Baradell-Smith already——"

"Wait a moment, George." She held up a plump but pretty little hand.

"What, dear?"

"You mustn't rush me."

"Mary, dear, you do *want*—I mean—"

"And I mustn't rush you."

"You did that when you said you were going away. You didn't think I'd stand for that?"

"Darling George," she smiled. "But what I mean—and I mean it seriously—is that we must both think it over."

They argued about that; George protesting, of course, that he didn't need to, she saying that neither of them had considered Ethel yet, he saying that—well—er—*Ethel*—but he was quite sure . . .

"It's no good, dear. There are things which we shall both have to think of. Now this is my plan. If neither of us has written to the other in the meantime, we will meet again next Wednesday and decide just how we're going to go about it. But in this next week we must think it over alone. If you decide, for any reason whatever—I can't advise you whether or not to talk it over with Ethel—you know best about that; but you must think of her, and of everything else, and if you decide that it would be a mistake to go on with it, just write me a little line, saying that you won't be here next Wednesday. I shan't feel injured or resentful in any way. I shall understand perfectly. And if I decide, then I will do the same. But if neither of us hears from the other, then, dear George—" she stood up, holding out her hands to him with a smile, half-mocking, half-loving, "I am yours. And now you must catch your train."

He looked at the clock on her mantelpiece. "Good Lord!" he said, "I've missed it! Oh, well, I can catch the 6.25."

One could get a carriage to oneself on the 6.25 ; it was only the third-class passengers, the clerks and the office-girls, who had to keep their elbows out of each other's papers. Mary was quite right : one had to think these things out. Dispassionately. Neither in the cosy quiet of Mary's room, in the restfulness of her company ; nor within sound and sight of Ethel. Here in the train, alone. Money, for instance. If Ethel divorced him, she could claim a third of his income. No, he would be generous ; he would give her more than that. He would settle a lump sum on her—now, what could he afford ? —he had been doing very well lately, and saving all the time . . .

The train began to move. There were shouts from the platform, as the door was swung open. He saw a girl on the running-board, dangerously off-balance. Suddenly and horribly Penelope came into his mind. He jumped up and pulled her in. By the time he had managed to get the door closed, she had fallen, a little breathless, into the seat opposite to him.

" Thank you," she said. " I 'm sorry. I oughtn't to have bothered you."

He had been prepared to curse her, he had been so shaken by that memory, but now he mumbled that it was all right. " You gave me rather a fright for a moment, that 's all."

" I know. And that always makes one angry. I was expecting you to say ' What the hell ? ' It was nice of you not to." She gave him a grateful smile, took out her compact and considered herself.

This is what Penelope might have been, he thought ; a young Diana, with all the spring of life in her. Why did one always think of goddesses as over-size ? Juno, Venus, even Diana—compare a woman to one of them, and one immediately pictured a great strapping creature—ridiculous !

She was now looking at her watch a little doubtfully.

" This *is* the 6.25 I 've caught, isn't it ? " she asked.

" 6.25—that 's right."

" Then why does my watch say 6.10 ? "

" Does it generally say 6.10 ? " asked George, rather amused.

" Well, not generally. Only at ten minutes past six."

" It must have stopped."

" Then it chose a very inconvenient place to do it in." She held the watch to her left ear. Then she held it to her right ear, explaining, " It 's possible to be stone-deaf in one ear without ever finding it out—I mean until you do something like this."

" I hope you 're not finding it out now," said George politely.

" Well, I can't hear anything in either, so I suppose that 's a good sign." She shook it and listened again. " Do you know anything about watches ? "

" I 've learnt one or two things lately," he said rather bitterly.

" Oh, do tell me."

" They 're not very helpful, I 'm afraid. One is that, if you send a watch to be mended nowadays, it will take six months, and you will be charged the extortionate price of twenty-five shillings."

" Well, but they 're giving you all that time in which to save up. I think that 's rather nice of them."

" The other is that if your watch was being very fast or very slow before, you 'll have nothing of that sort to complain of in the future. It now won't go at all."

" I see. And if it didn't go at all when you sent it, I suppose it would now start going backwards ? "

He laughed, and said, " Probably. It 's a hell of a world just now. Or don't you find it so ? "

" Well, I seem to be in it, and I can't see my way to any other. So I do the best I can."

He looked at her for a little, and said, almost to (*Continued on page* 48)

George got up. " Good-bye, Miranda, till to-morrow. I 'm so glad I missed my train "

On left: Candidates for senior appointments in the Civil Service and Foreign Service being addressed in the panelled lecture room at the Manor House, Stoke d'Abernon, Cobham, Surrey, prior to their three-day "Personality" tasks

Below: A group of candidates at Stoke d'Abernon. Note the identity tabs on the back of their jackets

Tricks That Decide Careers

By Ferdinand Tuohy

ARE we growing more stupid?

Nay—not so much you or I, who may hardly count, but the higher mental reaches of the nation? The ones who sit for the really stiff examinations, those who are never referred to in their own circles as being less than "brilliant"?

There have certainly been some appalling casualties amongst those seeking to scale the summit. This is the administrative class of the Civil Service and the Foreign Service in general, and to try at all, you have to hold a university degree or show three years' university education.

Obviously candidates are of the kind who cleave through *The Times* crossword while munching toast at breakfast. Yet how these formidable young men and women do come toppling down. Just to take one winter's effort: of 569 who went for the glittering prizes, twenty-nine succeeded in grasping them.

Such a massacre—and it was not unique—naturally led to a great deal of talk among the unsuccessful 540; in fact these tests are leading to a snowball of talk pending a loosening up of information on the part of the Selection Boards. It is argued that to keep everything wrapt in secrecy is unfair. If the new generation is falling down so thickly, it isn't sufficient for the examiners to point to faulty education as the cause. What if the new tests themselves have become too much of an ordeal?

"Oh, but we can't go into them," comes the answer, "lest future candidates should be favoured by the publicity." The most that has been extracted from Selection Board Chairman Colonel Pinsent, is a possible Press visit to the tests early this July. Yet I wonder about the efficacy of that in proving anything. Such a performance for public consumption might easily be "specially resented," shall we say? After all, some of the new examination methods resorted to under the signs of psychology and psychiatry have been called nothing less than "a racket for cranks and charlatans," so an inclination to prune would be understandable in the circumstances.

Perhaps it is better to inrupt when least expected; at any rate, that's what I'm going to do; and if anyone calls me to order, I say: "Nonsense"! These tests are changed all the time. There have been dozens of them in the past three years and candidates both successful and unsuccessful have commented on them. If any intending candidate is primed by my little lot, then I wish him or her better luck than attended the efforts of my somewhat downcast young "source."

By the way, let's get things right on one score. The written examinations have in no way been supplanted. They represent Hurdle No. 1. Then comes the critical innovation, the aptitude tests—Hurdle No. 2. Thirdly there are the competitive interviews conducted by the Commissioners—Hurdle No. 3.

In the case of the 569 aforementioned, 226 qualified for the aptitude tests, but how many of them failed at these, or at the subsequent interviews, is unknown. However, I gathered that the aptitude tests are the most unsettling, if not feared, so it's as well to know whence they derive—from the German Army.

They were taken on by the War Office so as to lessen the lore about "Old School Tie" favouritism and the "Pals system," and now the tests are under fiercest criticism precisely from the "democratic" quarters they were meant to propitiate. It is averred that their hoops, loops, snares and pitfalls are intended to keep "popular" candidates down the course.

WELL, the tests last four days and are carried out at Stoke d'Abernon Manor, near Cobham, Surrey, in an English country house setting. The idea is to sustain the house party atmosphere, though right at the start this is slightly dented by guests (or candidates) being given numbers (*Continued on page* 51)

The Small British Farmer

By Richard Perry

In the lambing season seldom a day passes that he does not come home with twin lambs, one in the game-bag slung on his back and the other under his arm, for his wife or daughter to warm back to life in front of the fire

I CAN see him now, standing before the range fire in the farm-house kitchen, lean and long, a little stiffer in his movements than formerly. Seventy-four or -five he would be. Though the ruddiness had gone out of his straggling moustache and closely curling hair—still marvellously unflecked with grey—and his cold, blue eyes were a little paler, he was yet unexpectedly hale and like his old self.

Like ninety-nine out of every hundred small farmers, the length and breadth of Britain, he had begun work—as a shepherd on a hill sheep-farm—more than sixty years before, at the age of twelve, and had never stopped working since. No matter at what hour of the day or night one might have occasion to visit the farm, he was to be found pottering around doing some odd job. The only holiday he allowed himself from year to year was an occasional Saturday off at market, but even on those days he did his morning and evening milking and other essential chores.

FOR many years, in his fifties, he had tended his score of shorthorn cattle and thirty score sheep of the mountain black-face breed single-handed; and this forbye his few acres of ploughing and the haymaking and harvesting at which his wife and daughter assisted—for, if the small farmer works a longer day and a longer year than any other man in the land, what must we say of the farmer's wife, with her house and children to attend to : her butter-making (and often the milking to do as well) ; her poultry ; her bottle-fed lambs and pail-fed calves; meals to prepare for a dozen or maybe a score of men at the summer sheep-shearings and when the threshing-mill comes round; her outside work at haysel and harvest? All this labour, and a thousand other duties besides, is too commonly taken for granted as the natural function of a farmer's wife, whether she be the mistress of a 300-acre arable farm in East Anglia or of a Highland sheep-farm, with its dozen acres of arable land and anything up to 30,000 acres of hill ground. So let it be said here and now, as emphatically as it can be said, that at this hour it is not the British farmer who is saving every one of us from real hunger, even starvation, but the British farmer's wife. Have you ever considered what would be the state of this country if the farmers' wives went on strike for shorter hours and higher wages—as they have better reason to do than any other class of worker? The farm-wife is the lynch-pin of the farming economy of this country. Without her the whole farming structure would disintegrate into chaos !

NO townsman can begin to appreciate the work and responsibility that the average small farmer shoulders year after year in a sixty-year working life. I used often to smile, when watching the Old Man's lanky form clambering agilely about the rickety network of planks and old bedsteads above the cow-stalls in the byre, whereon some of the cattle's corn-sheaf fodder was stored, imagining various paunchy gentlemen of my acquaintance in a similar position—presuming, that was, that they could first have been safely elevated to such a height. But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and the Old Man could not sit down for five minutes in a chair without falling asleep. Before his rabbit stew at the midday meal and in the interludes between his rabbit and his plum duff, and between his pudding and his tea and scones, his curly head might be seen drooping lower and lower on to his chest, until he roused up with a start at his wife's protesting "John!" to take his next course. Nevertheless, he would step out a polka with the best of them in the evening, when one or two neighbours from the hamlet three miles down the road would come up to dance in the farm kitchen to the fiddle and the accordion, and make short work of a great spread of sandwiches and scones, cakes and shortcakes. This was in the winter, of course; there was no time for dancing or whist drives

Black-faced sheep in a Grampian glen

at the village hall on summer evenings.

What does it mean, to be a small farmer? In the first place it is a family business with no staff to direct or, at most, if there are no sons at home, a hired shepherd or ploughman. (We may note in passing that, in addition to her other multifarious duties, the farmer's wife belongs to almost the last class of women in Britain still expected to bear a goodly number of children as an economic necessity.) As to the daily round of work through the changing seasons, let us consider the Old Man with his twenty acres of arable land and 2,000 acres of hill ground, his twenty cattle and six hundred sheep. You will find his like farming their marginal land in all the hill-country of Britain, whether it be on boggy Exmoor—"Girt Jan Ridd"—or in the rain-soaked *cymbs* of North Wales; on the high fells and in the dales of the Peak district, the Yorkshire Ridings, or the English Lakes; in the wild, rolling country of the Border and the soft purple hills of New Galloway; and, above all, in the glens and straths the length and breadth of the Scottish Highlands and Islands, even unto the green *holms* and peaty *scattolds* of Shetland, with her 150,000 little white, fawn or black *moorit* sheep and pocket-sized ponies and cattle.

THE daily routine, the stock, the implements, the agricultural technique vary in their details from district to district and even from farm to farm, but the general pattern of the seasons follows a similar course—winter ploughing, spring sowing, summer haysel, autumn harvest with, here and there, peat-cutting or even fishing thrown in as a sop to variety.

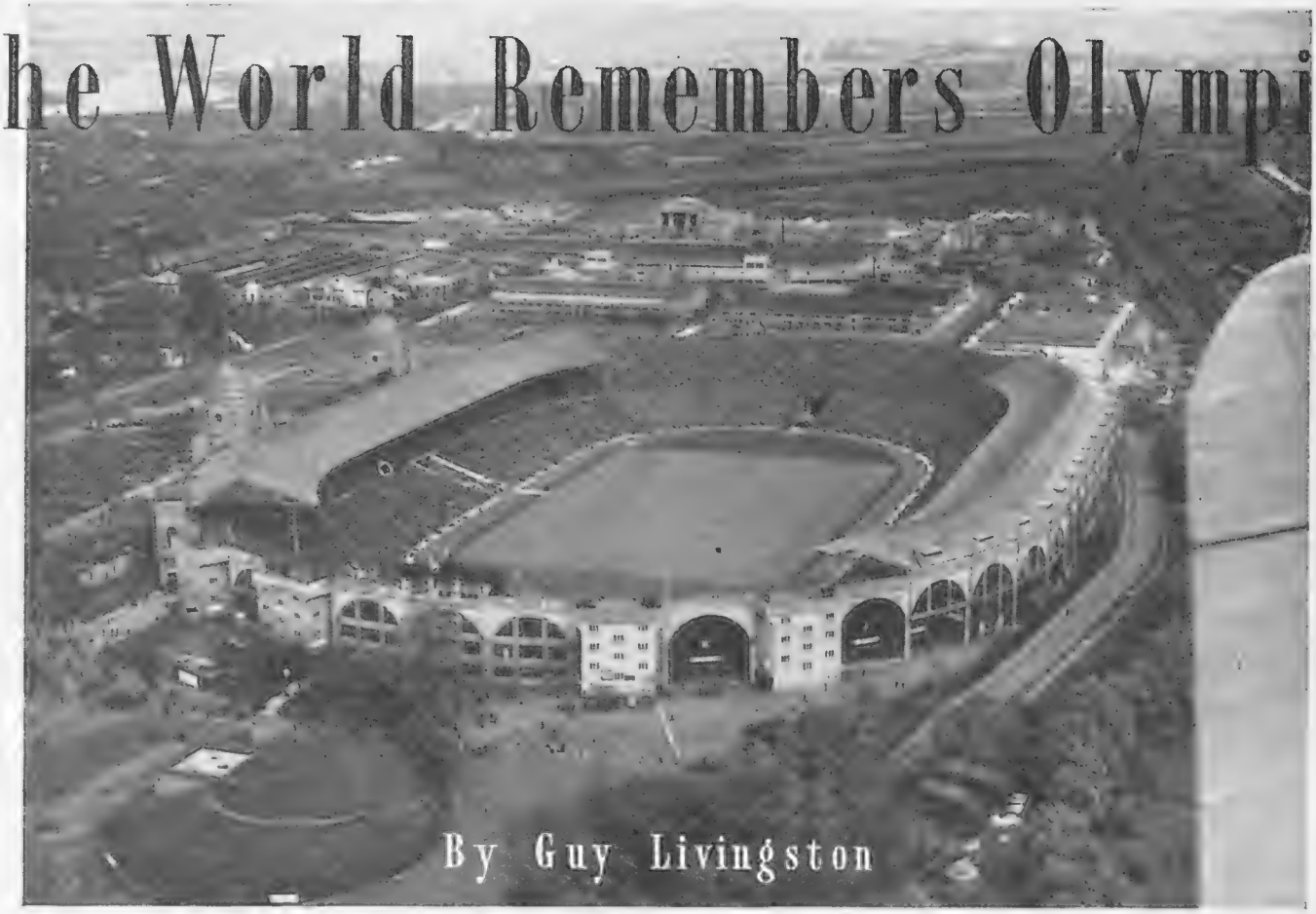
And now the grey hill-winter is upon the farmer and he seems to dwell in perpetual night. When the Old Man turns out of his warm blankets at six o'clock, grunting as he forces sore toes into boots

Black-faced lambs in the *fank* (handling pens) where they will be marked, dipped and graded for the sales. A picture from the Isle of Skye

(*On left*) Donkey transport in the Cairngorm Hills

stiff as boards from a night on the hob, it is pitchy dark; and when he hobbles out with clanking milk-pails and storm-lantern the moon still rides high in the frosty, starlit sky. Deep, sleepy moos greet him when he unlatches the byre door, and calves bleat querulously from their tiny stalls at the far end of the byre, which they share with the two plough-ponies. Humping their backs like kittens they stumble to their long legs, stretching stiffly. The byre is odorous with the cattle's sickly scented breath and noisy with the rattling of halter chains. The cows, couched on their bracken bedding, breathe heavily, blowing funnels of frosty steam from their wide nostrils, with barrel-like flanks heaving mightily. Rousing up the nearest snorting shorthorn to her reluctant feet with a prod of his boot, the Old Man settles down to milk her and, soon, beneath the strong, soothing pressure of his gnarled fingers the milk spurts forth in two pearly jets, at first pinging musically on the bottom of the pail but, shortly, whipping (*Continued on page* 52)

The World Remembers Olympia



By Guy Livingston

The Empire Stadium, Wembley, where most of the events of the XIV Olympiad (July 29th to August 14th) will be contested. The stadium has accommodation for 100,000 spectators and car parks for 2,000 vehicles

MARCHING past the King at the opening ceremony of the Olympic Games at Wembley on July 29, will be the chosen representatives of over fifty countries, ranging from Iceland to Afghanistan and China to Peru. To avoid any awkwardness about precedence, the national order of parade will be alphabetical, except that the British, as hosts, will come last and the Greek contingent will have the place of honour in the lead. Thus the world pays tribute to-day to the nation that founded the Games over twenty-five centuries ago.

If certain lovers of tradition had had their way, we might now be celebrating this fourteenth Olympiad in Athens—or even at Olympia itself—instead of at Wembley. Soon after the first of the modern Games, staged in the Greek capital in 1896, it was proposed that Greece should be the centre of all future Games. But sportsmen who foresaw them as truly international meetings thought otherwise, and the idea fell through. As a result, since 1896 the world's athletes have gathered for ten Olympiads (three more have gone uncelebrated owing to the two World Wars) in eight different cities in Europe and America, but never again in Greece.

Yet, however far afield from the classic site of Olympia the twentieth-century Olympics have been held, much of the old Greek athletic tradition on which they were based has been carefully preserved. For this, as for the revival of the Games themselves, the credit goes to that outstanding Frenchman, the Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

The Baron was a far-sighted man who devoted his life to working for peace and improving international relations. He saw in organized sport, with its emphasis on team-work and physical fitness, a great influence for good, and being a confirmed admirer of the ancient Greeks and their athletic achievements, conceived the idea of a modern Olympic festival on an international scale.

Sixty years ago athletics were not the world cult that they are to-day, and the Baron's first announcement of his scheme in 1892 fell largely on deaf ears. But he persisted, and the International Olympic Committee which was set up two years later was entirely due to his persuasive ness and unremitting efforts. He was justly rewarded by being elected the first President of the new body.

The ancient Games that the Baron reintroduced to the modern world have lasted well over two thousand years. There are various stories about their origin, all of them legendary, and nobody knows exactly how or when they started. They had probably existed long before the date—776 B.C.—when records of the winners began to be kept.

THROUGHOUT their whole history they were celebrated at Olympia, the sacred place in the Peloponnese, in Western Greece, devoted to the worship of the Greek gods, and, like the modern Olympics, they took place every fourth year, soon after midsummer.

Athletically, they were a very primitive affair in their earliest days, for their sole event was a 200-yards race. But in the fifth century B.C. they were famous throughout the Greek world and drew as many as forty thousand spectators, including many visitors from the Greek possessions overseas. By that time chariot races, boxing, wrestling, the five-fold pentathlon, the pankration (a formidable version of unarmed combat), and races in armour had been added to the track events, the longest of which was about three miles.

Competitors in the ancient Games took their training as seriously as any modern entrants. For a month or more they were put through their paces at a special Satte training-ground near Olympia, under trainers who insisted on the highest standards and rejected all who failed to pass the severe tests. But for those who got through, and went on to win the desperately contested races, there was the highest honour their country could award —the victor's crown of wild olives. To gain this was to be a national hero.

How would these old Olympic winners compare in performance with Nurmi, the "Flying Finn," with Jesse Owens, with D. G. A. Lowe, Jack Lovelock, Sydney Wooderson and the other great men of the modern Games? No stop-watch records give us a clue to the timings of the Greeks, but it is reasonable to suppose that the modern champions, drawn from the pick of the world's athletes, could beat the best that a single nation could produce. All the same, there is no doubt that the Greeks were game and dogged runners. The feat of the Olympic winner who covered ninety miles to his home on the day of his victory was typical of the spirit of those days.

THE old national tradition was romantically recalled in Athens in 1896, when the Marathon race—an innovation of the modern Games—was won by an unknown Greek peasant, Spiridon Loues. Since then, the great victories in the Games have gone to other nations; but the Olympic Torch that is being carried from the ancient site across Europe to Wembley this July shows that the world still remembers Olympia.

SHE read it through, and then sat up on the bunk, dangling her feet over the edge

Oh, What A Tangled Web!

The Rules Of The Navy Are Inviolable But Women Are A Law Unto Themselves

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

A FINE evening at sea in the Mediterranean in peace-time is none the less pleasant because it is quite a common experience. There is something extraordinarily delightful to be on the bridge of your own ship, moving at a convenient, but not exciting, speed, on a flat blue sea, which hisses harmoniously, and with a vast and cloudless dome of blue over your head. The sun, as it sinks in the west, makes a golden road along which you may travel in complete confidence that to-morrow will be just such another day.

Those who were privileged to look at the captain of H.M. Destroyer *Wholesome* on that cheerful evening, saw little evidence of his internal feelings. He looked, as indeed he was, a typical naval officer; his features were classically regular, his naval cap was cocked at what used to be called the Beatty angle, his mouth was set firmly upon the stem of a shabby pipe, and his hands were grasping a large pair of binoculars, more as a matter of habit than because he had anything at which to look.

He was known as Parker to his superiors, as Peter to his friends, and as Bookins to his newly wed wife, and it was in the mood of Bookins that he surveyed his present situation, and found it to be so very good.

Let there be no misunderstanding when it is said that he was very glad to be at sea, even though Peggy his wife could not accompany him. He liked being at sea especially when the weather was good, and he particularly liked a solo passage to a friendly destination. There had been times when sea-going in these parts was an unhealthy occupation; they were now happily past and it was once more possible to make the passage from Gibraltar to Malta in a holiday mood.

Poor Peggy had been very troubled when he had explained to her that a naval officer's wife was not allowed to travel with her husband. Peggy was a lady accustomed to having her own way; she was too young to have experienced the chastening effects of national service.

She was very much in love with her husband and indignant at the thought of that empty bunk in his after-cabin, for he had foolishly told her that he always slept near the bridge when he was at sea. He had also told her about a volume of closely printed articles entitled the "King's Regulations," and her comment had been delightfully disrespectful. Peter had been very patient with her; he had answered all her petulant questions and had explained the whole system of the organization of the Royal Navy. It was necessary, he told Peggy, for her to travel by the *Esperanto* which was sailing for Malta conveniently enough at about the same time as the *Wholesome*. They would only be separated for a few days. She must be a brave girl and look forward to their re-union. The *Esperanto* was not the very best vessel in the world, but what was, these days? That, he explained, was life in the Navy with a capital "L"; separation and re-union must be their lot. She had opened her big round eyes and looked at him with a sort of pitying pride in them and one word, which sounded rather like "Phooey," issued from her rosebud lips. But she had changed the subject and had been kind and affectionate until he had taken his leave of her. No wonder he stood on his own bridge so serenely.

Women were delightful things, but (and he whispered the thought to himself) you could have too much of any good thing, except a ship. And now, he thought, that he was in his ship he had better make up some of the arrears of work which he had neglected during his stay in harbour.

As if this wish had been anticipated, he turned and found Lieutenant Spranks at his elbow. Spranks was an exceedingly conscientious young man with a wholesome regard for the necessity of complying with the regulations. He was an expert with the typewriter, and could be trusted to see that every sort of "Fleet return" was rendered in quadruplicate on the day that it was due. If he was a little sanctimonious we must forgive him, as did his master.

"Ah," said Peter, "let's have a look at some of this stuff." He settled down in the corner of the bridge whilst the faithful Spranks stood at his elbow, pointing out, advising, and saying "Aye, aye, sir," with a respectful monotony.

It was the usual routine paper work. A pair of binoculars had disappeared whilst in harbour. An able seaman wanted compassionate leave. A return was required of all left-handed radar operators. The Chief Buffer had been awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct medal, and so on; he ploughed through them all initialling or giving the gist of his reply. Then he came upon a sealed envelope, and his paragon of a secretary withdrew a pace so that this private missive could be read. It was from the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean and it was couched in very formal and rather fierce terms.

"A case has recently occurred," it began. (They always do, thought Peter.)—"of the unauthorized carrying of a woman passenger in one of H.M. ships. This is a contravention of the King's Regulations. The officer responsible has been tried by court-martial.

"The Commander-in-Chief wishes to take this opportunity of reminding all commanding officers of their duty to see that the regulations regarding the carrying of passengers (of both sexes) are strictly obeyed."

What a pity, thought Peter, as he reread the missive, what a pity he hadn't been able to show this letter to Peggy. It would have saved a lot of talk. Well, whoever it was who broke the rules jolly well deserved what was coming to him. He showed the letter to Spranks and made a comment to this effect, which the young officer seemed to take very much to heart.

"Anything the matter?" he asked.

"I was thinking that it was rather awkward, sir," replied the worthy Spranks.

"Very," replied Peter cheerfully, "for the poor mug concerned. Take my advice, young man, don't go breaking the King's Regulations, it doesn't pay."

Spranks blinked several times before he replied. "I'll back you up, sir," he said swallowing hard, and disappeared leaving an aura of self-conscious emotion behind him. Peter shook his head and re-lit his pipe. The young man seemed a trifle put out; perhaps he was in love.

"Will you be dining aft, sir?" it was Woskins, his steward, who asked.

"Dining aft?" asked Peter, "when have I ever dined aft at sea, Woskins?"

"Never sir," replied the steward, "but I thought perhaps seeing as how——," he gave a significant (if not conspiratorial) nod of his head and left the sentence unfinished.

Peter got up and looked at the weather, the distant land and the empty horizon.

"Good idea, Woskins," he said, "I will dine aft to-night."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Woskins, "I got a nice bit of fish." He went below.

Illustrations by Frank Lea

PETER remained on the bridge and watched the reddened sun sinking into the sea; then he looked at the time and spoke to his second-in-command who had just turned over the watch to the sub-lieutenant reporting for duty.

"It's a beautiful night, Number One," he said, "come down to my cabin and have a drink,"

The first lieutenant went slightly pink as he replied, "Thank you, sir, if you're sure I won't be in the way."

"Of course not," said Peter, mechanically registering as he did so that the manners of his juniors were curious. "Good" he said heartily, "well, in about ten minutes. There are one or two little things I've got to do."

He went down, past the sea-boat's crew, smoking and lounging by the port whaler, past the panting inlets of the boiler-rooms and aft to the superstructure. He was not a sensitive man but he had a feeling that the men's eyes were following him with curiosity as he went along the deck.

Down the hatch to the little captain's lobby he went, and as he did so a wisp of fragrant perfume assailed his nostrils, and roused the strongest nostalgic feelings in him. Peggy had been on board to tea the day before he had sailed. She had left this reminder of her presence to cheer him in his lonely splendour. He sniffed appreciatively and went into his day cabin. The scent was stronger inside. He made to open the scuttle and let the air circulate, and then remembered that he was at sea. Then he looked down and saw Peggy's handbag, her scarf and her short red coat and an awful realization struck him. He dashed aside the curtain which hung in the door of his sleeping cabin and saw that his worst fears had been realized.

Peggy was lying on his bunk sleeping like a tired kitten. Her beautiful golden

tresses were there in reality, as the old song has it; she was resting peacefully as if she had every right to be there. At the sound of curtain rings scraping on the rod, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Bookins, darling," she said drowsily, "I thought you were never coming."

A number of things went through Peter's mind but none of them seemed worth saying. He had also a sudden realization that up to a minute ago he had been the only man in the ship who had been unaware of Peggy's presence on board.

Now he stood and looked at her, shaking his head and very much determined not to give way to that feeling of panic which was making his tummy do things it hadn't done for many a long year.

"THAT'S all right, my boy," said Tufty, and turned with a wicked twinkle to Peggy. "Perhaps you and your husband will come and have dinner with me, one day soon"

He went into his other cabin and returned with the Commander-in-Chief's letter.

"Read that," he said sternly, and stood back watching her. She read it through and then sat up on the bunk, dangling her feet over the edge.

"What a ridiculous letter," she said, "anybody would think—" then her voice changed—"oh, Bookins, I had no idea that it would matter."

"Why? Why?" asked Peter.

"It was that ship," she said, "it smelt and I had an awful presentiment when I went on board. I couldn't face the thought of going in her. So I came here and told your officers that you knew all about it."

"You did?" said Peter, "at the same time as I was holding forth on the subject of strict adherence to the regulations. I think my dear that you may consider yourself to be in the way of having torn it, completely."

He went into the day cabin and touched the bell whilst Peggy got out her facial equipment and went through the motions of gilding the lily.

"A bottle of champagne," ordered Peter, "and three glasses." She cocked an inquiring head through the curtain.

"Three?" she asked, "who's the third? And why champagne?"

"I had invited Number One down for a drink," he said, "before I knew that I was to have the delight of your presence. As for the wine, this is an occasion. Come in" he called as he heard footsteps on the companion ladder.

Number One entered. The cork popped theatrically and the wine frothed into the glasses.

"I believe that you two have already met to-day," said Peter and raised his glass. "Here's to my successor," he said, "he'll be a lucky chap if he retains your services, Number One."

Number One looked puzzled as he drank the toast, but Peggy wanted to know what it was all about.

"Simply," explained Peter, "that if your presence on board is discovered, I shall get the sack. Isn't that so, Number One?"

"It's certainly a bit risky, sir, things being as they are."

"What happened to the skipper of the *Dreadful*?" asked Peter, yawning to show the casual nature of the conversation.

"Severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship," Number One replied.

"—And the chap in the *Spoonful*?" went on Peter.

"He was relieved of his command and sent to Chatham."

"Ah," said Peter. "Dear old Chatham. Lovely spot."

"Oh, dear," said Peggy, "I'm afraid I told you wrong, Mr. Hardy, when I said that Peter knew all about my coming on board. I thought that he was just being stuffy. I didn't understand."

Number One was startled. "Good Lord!" he said.

"If," said Peter, "you were in my shoes, Number One, what would you do?"

Number One eyed the winking bubbles in his glass. "I'd take a chance on it, sir. We won't let you down. I can drop a word in the coxswain's ear. The troops'll do anything for you, sir. All you've got to do is to keep Mrs. Parker—"

"Call me Peggy," said the lady.

"—keep Peggy out of sight when we get into harbour. Then I can go ashore and collect a party and bring 'em on board for drinks. When they go ashore again, Peggy will be with 'em. No one will remember how many there were in the first place."

"Smashing!" said Peggy enthusiastically.

"Brilliant," said Peter, "but it won't do."

"Why not?" his wife asked.

"Because," he (*Continued on page* 54)

hot money

How Some Scheming People Have Beaten The Currency Controls

By C. Patrick Thompson

"TWENTY-EIGHT ways for the Hollywood film guys to beat the Control and get their British pounds out as dollars? Boy, that's conservative. That's counting only the respectable ways that the lawyers and bankers and merchants know and that means you can't be caught and lose your money, or get prosecuted, or both. Now, I can tell you a few more."

We were quietly consuming *Rognon de Veau Caprice* in the Berkeley off the Rond Pont in the avenue des Champs-Élysées when this fellow plumped into the adjacent wall divan seat, got going on half a grilled chicken, and started up a conversation with the adroitness of the entrepreneur whose business largely depends on introducing himself and settling in on people in bars and restaurants and lounges, ship's saloons and luxury express corridors and dining-cars, until you get a sort of feeling that he's good old Cousin Joe, and where have you been all these years to have been deprived of his jovial and robust company?

It came out almost at once that his business was hot money. Lots of Britons travelling abroad this year will run across our friend and members of his tribe. They're as ubiquitous as the bootlegger in America during the dry era. He wasn't one of the Factor boys. Nothing so crude as cheques passing into a traceable account.

"They say the pound is going to be devalued," he said. "It's devalued right now. I never pay more than eight or nine shillings for a pound. I'm a Canadian, see? I put up the dollars for pounds at that discount on the other side. Then I come to London on business.

"At (he mentioned a West End luxury hotel) a guy calls up from the desk he wants to see me. He comes in. Doesn't take off his hat or coat. Am I Mr. X? Yes. Password? I give it. Is he on time? I glance at the clock and say, not by three minutes. He says O.K., and hauls out a package of pound notes. One thousand of them.

"'Check 'em, please.' I check 'em for quantity. 'Right?' Right. He goes out. And that's that. No receipt. Just dollars paid out on the other side, against promised delivery of pounds this side.

"Taking a chance? Naw! It's business, personal business. Been going on a long time. Sure, you take a chance on being double-crossed, but not if you deal with the right guys. Why should they gyp a guy? It's their business, and they want to stay in business. Plenty of profit in it? Yes, sir!"

I asked him what he did with the thousand. I thought he'd say: wine, women and song. But he shrugged: "Bought merchandise for export. Turned over another profit." He took a gulp of champagne. He was a very well-fed looking individual.

I led him on. He spoke of the eighteen per cent turned by a colleague on the New York-Switzerland run. Bought pound notes at 9s. to 10s. a time in New York, against the official rate of $4.02, packed them in a suitcase, and took the direct plane for the Swiss airport. Things were fixed there, and the operator changed the pounds into Swiss francs and the Swiss francs into French francs at black market rate. Same thing again—used the francs to buy French merchandise for export. Did it three times in 1947. Cleaned up enough to keep himself wallowing in luxury without doing a hand's turn for the next ten years.

THOSE are the professionals, of course. The boys who know the ropes. The amateurs operate and get caught with monotonous regularity. They do the silliest things.

One arrived at a British port the other day with some three hundred pounds strapped in a belt round his waist. He looked a trifle bulky in the wrong places and naturally the blasé Customs spotter marked him down for search. He had bought his pounds in New York at $2.60 a time, from people there who wanted to get rid of them—pounds are not exactly sought after outside Britain—and it looked like an easy way of doubling his spending money during his trip to England, where, of course, he would have to give the official rate of $4.02 for every pound he wanted.

He ended up at the port of entry, and in the dock, a sadder but wiser man.

THE petty but prevalent and legal racket is the exchange of personal hospitality. Mr. Smith of Harrow and Dr. Rjukan of Oslo strike up a warm friendship. Mr. Smith departs from Newcastle for Bergen with his family, goes on to Oslo and has a nice time on the fjords, sailing, bathing, sunning, and touring. Friend Rjukan picks up his bill and pays it in his own Norwegian kronen. Then Rjukan comes to England, and has a nice time—believe it or not—and friend Smith repays his hospitality debt by picking up Rjukan's bill, and paying it in his British pounds.

Personal hospitality is sacred. No one is damaged very much by the exchange.

He looked a trifle bulky in the wrong places and naturally the blasé Customs spotter marked him down for a search

The big leaks, the real hot money geysers, lie elsewhere. See that fat, expensively draped gentleman tucking into the caviar and champagne at the corner window (*Continued on page* 58)

A sleek Egyptian potentate whom we will call Akher Pasha returned from the Alexandria plage to his Cairo palace in a decidedly sulky state of mind

"Mimi" of La Bohème

Lucille danced into the arms of a young writer and poet, Henri Murger, and so into immortality as "Mimi" of his *Vie de Bohème*

The Tragic Love-Story Of Henri Murger And Lucille Louvet Which Inspired A Famous Novel And A Great Opera.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW

IN the reckless 1840's a gay little *grisette* of the Paris shops went to a students' "hop" at the Prado dance-hall on the Ile de la Cité. She danced into the arms of a young writer and poet, Henri Murger, and so into immortality as "Mimi" of his *Vie de Bohème* and Puccini's famous opera.

Never was the Latin Quarter so romantic as in those days, when it was an honour to be poor and struggling and fired with ambitions and dreams. Henri and his friend Champfleury were garret Bohemians living in a squalid hotel on the Rue des Canettes, near St. Sulpice—the Merciol. Henri wrote for small journals, did secretarial work for a Count Tolstoy. Always they were hard up. When bills had to be paid, something—perhaps a few precious books—went to the pawnshop. The poets, artists, students of the Merciol lived from hand to mouth.

But also they loved. Champfleury's girl was a capricious minx, Marie Roux, whom Henri called Musette, because of her lilting voice. One week she was with him, the next off with somebody else, but in the end she came back—from love, pity, or even necessity. The reconciliation called for a celebration—and that 's what the Prado treat was intended to be. Naturally it would have to be a foursome ; a partner must be found for Henri. Musette brought along a friend, Lucille Louvet, a pretty blonde with blue eyes, bows and ribbons. Henri loved bows and ribbons. He loved, too, girls who dressed in velvet, because it gave them a "quality" look. Gallantly he kissed Lucille's hand, felt very shy with her, plunged into the dance, and came out of it head-over-heels in love.

Not for the first time, though—for in the Paris of the 1840's you started early. At nineteen he had fallen deliciously in love with a girl of twenty-five, Marie Vimal, a bookkeeper employed by his uncle. She was married to a middle-aged oaf who cruelly neglected her and turned out to be a crook, and when he fell foul of the law, she, too, was involved. All this only fortified the love in Henri's idealistic young heart. How could he resist a charmer with blonde curls and delicate small hands who read Shakespeare's sonnets to him ? He lodged her with an artist friend to keep her out of harm's way, and when she ran off with the friend—well, Henri tried to poison himself, but only succeeded in making himself sordidly sick.

Oh, Marie, Marie, how could you ? Why had you so to betray the amorous dreams of youth ? It left Henri melancholy, disillusioned, but still he cherished her image, the memory of her love and the Shakespeare readings. Lucille, as a matter of fact, reminded him of Marie. She, too, was blonde and blue-eyed, with slim hands that made you think of flowers. She, too, was frail in more than the moral sense—and the fashion then, among students, artists and writers, was for the physically frail, delicate type—underfed, undernourished—which made up in emotion what it lacked in meals. The *grisettes*, with their ribbons and bandboxes and dainty, tripping feet, fitted the dream perfectly. They were impulsive, independent, and believed in love for love's sake as their lovers believed in art for art's sake. Remember, it was the Latin Quarter in its heyday. . . .

Soon Lucille was sharing Henri's garret, and what do you think she brought with her as mascots for the mantelshelf ? Three cheap plaster ornaments—a bust of Homer and a pair of rabbits. Can't

you see her placing them there with fond, tender care ?

What an enchanting *ménage* that was, even though the nights were cold and the plaster peeled off the walls and let in the damp ! The four of them—Henri, Lucille, Champfleury, Musette—shared meals and took turns at the cooking, when there was anything to cook. Walks in the Luxembourg gardens—the girls in their best crinoline or bombazine ; trips to the country ; evenings at the Café Momus, where a cup of coffee was only five sous and one met celebrities like Baudelaire and Gerard de Nerval, who trailed a live lobster on a leash just to show he could be " different."

Henri, inspired by love, even wrote a one-act play and tried it on the manager of one of the smaller theatres. True, he had to read it while the manager issued tickets and was more interested in the customers than the winged words, but at least rejection was softened by a present of four free seats, and as Henri said on returning home : " At least we can sell them for a franc each ! "

All was heaven, despite the poverty, until at a party Lucille heard from a talkative friend of Henri's about Marie. And who was Marie ? Oh . . . the woman he loved, of course ; the love of his life. Wasn't he always saying that she reminded him of Marie ? Indeed, thought Lucille, inflamed with jealousy. The next day, when Henri was out, tearfully she packed up her things—not forgetting Homer and the rabbits—and fled. In their graphic biography of Murger, *The Legend of the Latin Quarter*, Arthur Moss and Evalyn Marve say that all he found on his return were the faded bouquets of violets he had bought her and a little fan, fallen to the floor. These he gathered up and laid tenderly with a velvet domino and ribbons of Marie's which he had kept as souvenirs. He was heart-broken.

But a few months later she returned, a wan ghost, begging to be taken back. The spectre who now confronted him

At nineteen Henri had fallen deliciously in love with Marie Vimal, a girl of twenty-five. He lodged her with an artist friend to keep her out of harm's way

pierced his pity to the core. What could he do but forgive her, try to comfort her with his love? She was thin, pale, anæmic, ill and miserable, and coughed violently. She was racked with consumption. Tuberculosis—the scourge of the poor, insanitary Latin Quarter at the time—had claimed her for another victim. The hectic, unhealthy life and ill-feeding had struck her down, and she seemed beyond hope.

"It is my fault—I am to blame," he said, taking the pale, shivering girl into his embrace. Had he not driven her from him with his foolish talk of the faithless Marie? Marie was a dead love; he would probably never see her again. Lucille was living—and suffering—and in need of his care. How glad he was that she had come back!

It is the pathos of this reunion that gives the utmost poignancy both to the *Vie* and the opera. Young love has seldom been portrayed so tragically. It is the drama of youth and maid grasping avidly at life in the shadow of death, as Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet grasped at life in hungry desperation. All who have sought love and found sorrow find a mirror of their emotions in Mimi and Rodolphe. The crown of their love is not in lighthearted

happiness and fulfilment, but in tragedy and deprivation. The heart is never so warm as when it cries in compassion: "Your tiny hand is frozen."

Faithfully Henri tended the sick girl, trying to nurse her back to health. Pluckily she strove to pick up again the broken threads of their life and weave them into the old pattern by looking after the meagre home and cooking for him. It might have been easier for her had Musette been there to help and take some of the burden off her shoulders; but Musette, too, had run off—not with a poor student, but a vicomte able to install her in a luxury apartment where she could lead the life of a lady of fashion. Lucille was not made that way. If she gave her love, it had to be to one as poor as herself—one who needed her, whom she could serve in a spirit of unselfish devotion.

When her condition grew worse, Henri could no longer cope with it in his primitive attic, lacking even elementary amenities. With the help of a young medical friend, he found her a bed in a hospital, and when the time came for her to leave, her parting glance was at the bare mantel which had held the Homer and the plaster rabbits, for she knew she would never see the room again.

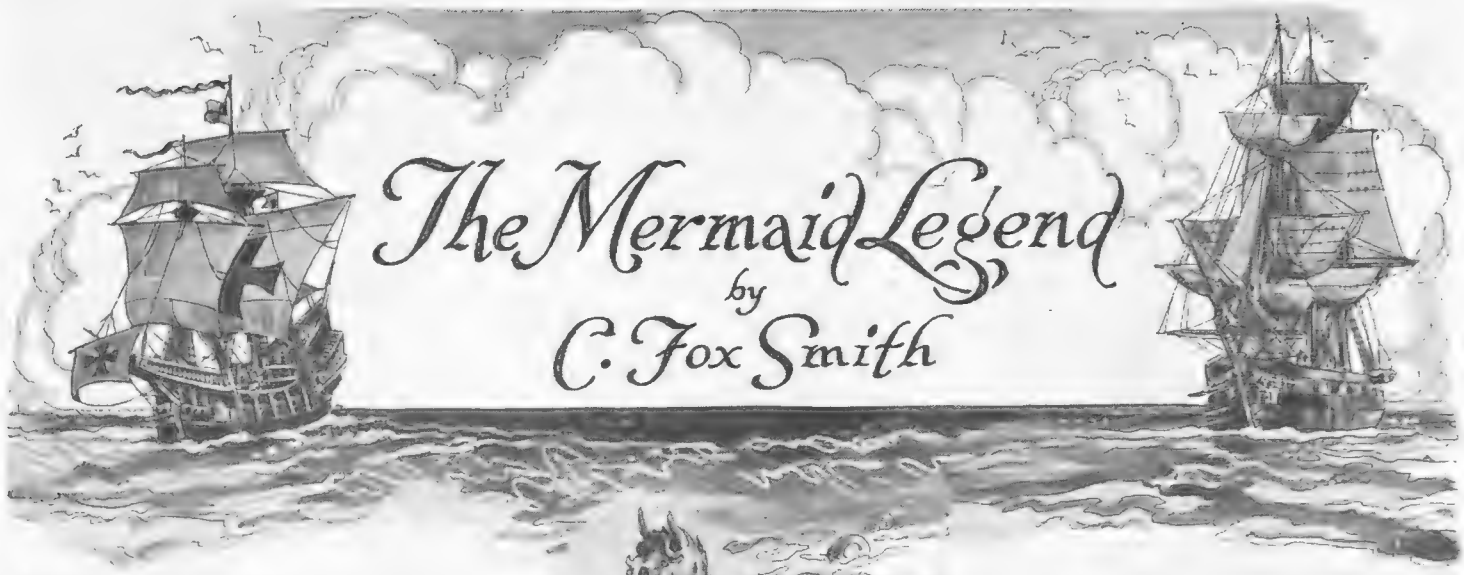
He visited her daily at the hospital, bought her flowers, and when he couldn't afford to buy, tramped out to the fields to pick them. Sometimes, as they talked by her bed, tears would flood her eyes. She said she was sorry she had left him—it was only on impulse, from jealousy. He was her one true love; no one else mattered. Henri would clasp her white, transparent hand, veined as marble was veined, and tell her not to worry. Soon she would be well, and in the sun again. . . . The sun? The Luxembourg gardens in spring? Ville d'Avray, St. Cloud, the lime walks above the Seine? No; she would never see them again. She had become a child of the shadow.

One day he arrived with his posy to find them wheeling a body into the post-mortem room. "Don't let them do that!" he cried. "Let me bury her!" The doctor friend gently reminded him that the hospital claimed all charity patients for scientific dissection.

When he came to write his book, Lucille lived again as Mimi. There was something of Marie in her, something of a later love, Juliette, who also died of consumption. But essentially she was the little *grisette* of the Prado—one of those birds of passage who, he said, made their nests for a day or a night in the garrets of the Latin Quarter. And for generations the world's greatest singers have sung her joys and sorrows in the opera houses of the world's greatest cities. She is deathless.

[END]

When Lucille's condition grew worse, Henri could no longer cope with it in his primitive attic, lacking even elementary amenities



The Mermaid Legend

by

C. Fox Smith

THE sea, there can be no denying the fact, must have been to the early navigators a vastly more exciting, if also a more perilous and terrifying, element than the charted, plumbed, radar-controlled sort of affair science has made of it to-day. Its waters washed all manner of strange and undiscovered shores, continents as yet undreamed of, magical islands not yet trodden by man. Great monsters haunted its depths—the fabled Kraken, the great sea serpent himself, scaly and maned and with a gold crown on his head. There were sea horses, too, and sea unicorns. And, of course, there were mermaids.

Many of these old beliefs lingered on well into the nineteenth century, only to die out at last with the final passing of the white wings from the sea. A few survive to the present day in the Scottish Isles, in Scilly, in Aran and the Blaskets; and—surprisingly enough—even in such prosaic craft as the fishing vessels of the East Coast, where men are still to be found, in canny Shields and Grimsby and Yarmouth, who will not go to sea if they happen to meet a red-haired woman on their way to join their ship. "It's unlucky"—that is all they can tell you about it; little thinking, no doubt, that the unluckiness of the red-haired woman is in all likelihood only a faint atavistic reflection of their ancestors' belief in the doom foreshadowed by the "fair pretty maid with a comb and a glass in her hand" of whom so many of the old sea songs and stories tell.

DID such beings as mermaids ever actually exist? Those rather boring people who are always ready with a commonsense, matter-of-fact explanation for the unexplainable will tell you that they not only did exist, but that they do exist; and that all the mermaid legends in the world are based upon the existence of the dugong, manatee, or sea cow, that curious mammal of the genus Sirenia which is to be found in certain tropic waters, more especially the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Now, the manatee undoubtedly, being a mammal, suckles its young, and it also holds its infant to it with its flippers in a faintly human fashion, which, incidentally, I have never heard of a mermaid doing. For the rest, it is not beautiful, but—regarded from the human standpoint—very very plain. It has a short neck, a flat nose, and no hair; moreover, it has never been known to sing, so that for what reason science has endowed it with the name of Siren it is hard to see. And lastly, there are mermaids—something like them—to be found in the legends of Greece and Rome and of practically all the Northern peoples long before the first adventurer pushed his way past the Pillars of Hercules to enter the tropic seas. How, then, could these stories have been founded on something which their narrators could not in the nature of things have ever seen?

Actual evidence of the existence of mermaids is, it must be owned, very scanty; and—by a paradox—the more concrete it becomes the less convincing it is. There was an old man once who said he had seen one; he was the only survivor of a wrecked ship, and after he had been afloat on a grating for many days without food or water he was picked up by a passing ship. And to his rescuers he told a strange tale of "the Devil in the form of a mermaid" who had come up out of the sea and tried to make a bargain with him for his soul. But a man who has been adrift half-crazed with hunger and thirst is not the most reliable of witnesses. He may have seen a seal gazing at him with its dark liquid eyes; he may on the other hand have created the whole thing out of his own fevered brain.

It is something (*Continued on page* 54)

A Defender Of The Faith

There Was Something Noble In The Patriotism Of The Eccentric English Governess

By Frank Whitbourn

MISS BUCKLE was good looking but marred by a knack for authority. She became a governess.

There was nothing else, fifty years ago, for the unmarried daughter of a retired Indian Army colonel to become.

Colonel Buckle was well connected and had friends not only in the Army but in the Diplomatic Service. When the Manderlays were appointed to the Legation in Baghdul and were unwilling to be separated from their two little girls, he mentioned (stroking his moustache) that his youngest gel had always wished to travel.

"Would she consider——?" Lady Manderlay delicately suggested.

The Colonel thought she would.

Several months later, in an ancient droshky, the Manderlays drove up to the impressive gateway of the British Legation in Baghdul. Dark hands saluted smartly; turbans quivered. Sir Reginald raised a hand elegantly to his solar topee. Her Ladyship's head suggested a gracious inclination. They had crossed a thousand miles of desert but there was not a speck of dust to be seen on either of them. The temperature was a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, but not a bead of perspiration glistened on their noses. They might have been driving into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, behind the Queen herself.

Miss Buckle arrived somewhat later, with the heavy baggage, on a camel.

THE Legation occupied several acres, insulated from the ancient city of Baghdul by a high brick wall. The city, built largely of mud and brightly patterned tiles, had its own magic for those who could see with its builder's eyes.

Inside the compound Lady Manderlay presided over her tea-table on a gracious lawn beside a splashing fountain. Tall trees arched superb branches to make cloisters of cool shade. There were kedgeree and kidneys, and eggs and bacon for breakfast—and of course marmalade. There were hip baths in the bedrooms to be filled from steaming brass water-cans covered with fair white towels and napkins. And every day above the great gateway there rose the flag.

The hot days passed pleasantly for Miss Buckle under the protection of that unfolded bunting, with grace and dignity and pride. Fearful and glorious was its power; passers-by looked up at it with envy and with awe. And she did not neglect to instruct the Manderlays' two little daughters in the virtue of its authority.

They were well-behaved little girls and their progress in reading, writing and arithmetic, together with a little history and geography (of the Empire) was satisfactory to Miss Buckle. She even managed a little French. And of course she also taught them to embroider and to hit recognizable melodies out on the Legation piano.

But her educational duties were not the main occupation of Miss Buckle's mind. This, of course, was matrimony. The gentlemen of Berkshire might have neglected her, but the gentlemen—the English gentlemen—of Baghdul where white women, especially English gentlewomen, were so much fewer, might be less particular. She decided that her objective should be young Charteris, the third secretary.

She was not unaware that Charteris, after his first introduction to her, had been surprised to learn that she was the Manderlays' governess.

"Gad sir!" he had exclaimed, "she's much too good looking for that!"

"But you know," it was whispered to him, "she is quite a lady. Her father was a colonel in the Indian Army."

That explained the anomaly to young Charteris. At Lady Manderlay's first reception he was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Buckle. He was a romantic young man (he was an Englishman), and might even have been a rebel had he not been to such a very good school. He had been shocked by Oscar Wilde, but was merely amused by Mr. Shaw; Miss Buckle was pleased.

Lady Manderlay, whose gracious glance missed nothing, was not. The expense of including Miss Buckle in the ministerial entourage had been considerable. She did not wish to be deprived of her services until the little girls had become young ladies, ripe for finishing in France or Switzerland. But she need not have worried.

The Manderlays made it their custom, in summer, to ride in the desert before breakfast, in the cool of the morning. They were generally accompanied by Miss Buckle and the girls, on ponies, and attended by Charteris. An appropriate respect of grooms brought up the rear.

The track along which the cavalcade was proceeding narrowed between a stretch of rocky ground on either side. The riders were obliged to go two by two. Miss Buckle manoeuvred the girls in front and Charteris came up beside her.

It is at morning and at evening that the desert casts its spell and drives a man to drink or to his gods. He faces at such times his littleness and his greatness; he dares or dies.

"Gad," young Charteris exclaimed, lifting his eyes to the hills which extended the whole length of the horizon, "it's good to be alive!"

Miss Buckle acknowledged that it was a lovely morning.

Charteris glanced down at her. "Rides well," he thought. "Understands horses. Shouldn't think there's much she'd be scared of, either."

Miss Buckle was thinking, "If he proposes, I shall accept."

Charteris said: "How are you liking the country, Miss Buckle?"

She said, "It has something——"

"Ah, you feel that, too, do you? Gets under your skin, doesn't it?"

Miss Buckle blushed prettily (it was one of her accomplishments) and smiled. "Yes."

"D'you feel you'd like to make your life abroad?"

She exhibited maidenly hesitation—it was coming.

"That would depend, wouldn't it? I mean . . . on the people. . . ."

"Or the person . . .?"

"It does make so much difference, doesn't it?"

She looked up at him. The gesture was well timed but was a shade too girlish in its effect. Charteris was not sorry to be distracted by the appearance of a native labourer and his donkey some distance ahead.

"Single file, I think," he said.

He allowed himself to drop behind. Miss Buckle, irritated, called to the girls:

"Muriel, keep close in. Elizabeth . . ."

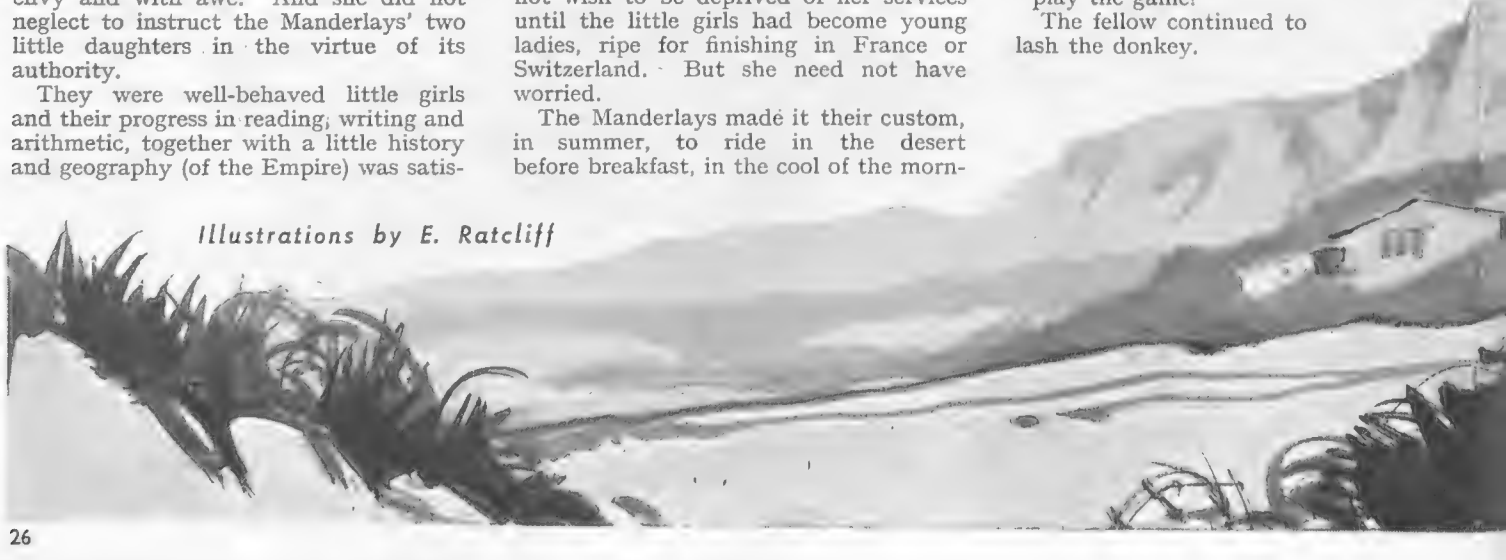
The girls obeyed, following the example of their parents ahead of them. The donkey, heavily burdened, suddenly became aware of the procession approaching him and did not like it. He stopped.

The labourer lashed the beast with his stick. It stood its ground. Its master lashed more mercilessly.

Lady Manderlay raised her eyebrows.

"Damn it, man" called Sir Reginald, "play the game!"

The fellow continued to lash the donkey.



Illustrations by E. Ratcliff

"Well!" was all that exploded from Miss Buckle's lips. Wheeling her horse from the line she bore down upon the offending labourer, her riding crop raised high. She brought it down furiously across his head and then across his shoulders.

"You brute!" she cried, "you brute!"

He was too surprised to avoid her blows. She struck again.

"You dare to treat an animal like that!"

The man, recovering himself, began volubly to expostulate. The donkey, only mildly interested, moved forward. The grooms, not understanding what the trouble was about, but confident in their superior numbers, and assured from experience that it was necessary to humour the madness of their English employers, rode to Miss Buckle's support with terrible native oaths, and joined their blows to hers.

"Steady," cried Sir Reginald; and "Damn it!" cried young Charteris.

"Reginald, do something!" cried his lady, as her horse bolted.

THE incident was much discussed at the Legation. The bolting of her ladyship's horse was deplored (there were many who wished they could have seen it), and young Charteris's rescue of her ladyship applauded. It was generally acknowledged that Miss Buckle had acted admirably.

"Damn it, the girl's got guts!" said the men.

"To think of a woman——" gossiped the ladies.

"Teach the damn natives a thing or two," everybody said.

But it was Miss Buckle who learned most from the incident. Young Charteris had applauded her conduct with the rest; but she knew that he would

THE riders were obliged to go two by two. Miss Buckle manoeuvred the girls in front and Charteris came up beside her

never propose to her now. Her behaviour had been magnificent; but it had been unladylike. She had asserted her authority with a whip. She had encroached upon the prerogative of the male. That was not the way to get a husband. But she almost felt that such an experience of power was worth its consequence. It was good to rule.

WHEN the Manderlays went home on leave some years later, Miss Buckle accompanied them. She found her father very much aged, and a changed atmosphere seemed to have been let into the fabric of life at home. The Queen was dead.

Miss Buckle could not help feeling that the ebullience of King Edward's popularity had something vulgar about it. Society had gained in brilliance but had lost in dignity. She admired the words of Mr. Clifton Bingham's ballad :

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee . . .?"

She would extol all right; but was not Mr. Elgar's music a little too blatant? It had an intoxicating effect, rather like the Marseillaise. She was not sure that the Queen would have approved.

She bought the song, however, and practised it to her own accompaniment on the piano. From the garden where he was pottering among his roses the Colonel applauded. She smiled, envying his contentment. . . .

The elms, the bees, the smooth-trimmed lawn, the Colonel, white-haired, stooping among his flowers; and so many miles away the flag of England commanding the desert and the jungle, carried by hands at times almost absurdly romantic, at times not unstained by brutality, but never unblessed by common sense and a crude but kindly respect for whatever, of any colour, was made by the "mintage of man. . . ."

When the Manderlays returned to Baghdul, she went with them.

A FEW years later, the Manderlays—who had friends in the right places—were transferred to the Balkans, which would be more convenient for sending the girls to be finished at Bonn. Miss Buckle preferred to stay in Baghdul, for the Colonel was dead and she had no occasion to go home. She did not know where Charteris was and was too proud to find out. She accepted the charge of a little Baghduli whose father was Chamberlain to the Court of the Emir.

So generously was she rewarded for her services that when, after eight years of her instruction, the boy was sent to school in England, she found herself comfortably independent (about eighty pounds a year came to her from the Colonel's modest funds), provided she remained in Baghdul where life was not expensive and where the Chamberlain had endowed her with a pleasant little house in a corner of his own estates.

One afternoon, towards the end of the month of Ramadan, in the first year of her occupation of the house, Miss Buckle sat in her garden waiting for her tea to be brought to her. It did not come. She rang the little bell which she kept beside her to summon the servants, but it was not answered. She went to investigate.

She found Sadek, the cook, groaning on his mattress. Ahmak, the house-boy, sat beside him, weeping.

"What," demanded Miss Buckle, "is the matter?"

Ahmak suspended his tears for a moment, gazed at her in surprise, and explained that (*Continued on page* 61)

SHE had no medical knowledge but her prestige as an Englishwoman demanded that something must be done. Aspirin tablets and Epsom-salt accomplished much

A Tawny Owl devouring a rat which has just fallen prey to the bird's keen sight. Adult owls always swallow their food whole and quite large rats disappear down their throats, usually head first

The Owls In Our Elm

By

B. Melville Nicholas

PEOPLE tell me that for more than a century a certain old elm has stood tall and stately by our orchard gate, but so far back as my memory goes it has always been hollow and the residence of tawny owls. During the spring and summer they raise their families there and during the autumn and winter they sleep in the cavity by day, coming forth at night on noiseless wings to pounce upon the rats and mice that scurry round our farmyard.

I first became aware of their presence when, quite a small boy, I wandered one day into the orchard and saw what looked like a ball of cotton-wool tucked away in the hedgerow. On attempting to handle it, however, two eyes and a hooked beak were opened, and a pair of talons raised against me in a defensive attitude. Then I knew that I had encountered a baby owl.

But where had it come from? It had certainly left its nursery much too soon; and then it was that I first discovered that the old elm was occupied by owls. This particular youngster was the oldest of a family of five, and I use the word "oldest" advisedly for when I replaced it, I noticed that some of the other owlets were considerably smaller.

THE difference in the sizes of a family of baby owls is explained by the fact that incubation commences as soon as the first egg is laid and that at least a day (sometimes two) elapses between the laying of each egg, so it is easy to understand why the eldest owlet in a family of five may well be almost a week the senior of the youngest member.

The tawny's eggs are pure white in colour, distinctly rounded in shape, and while some have a rough chalky shell others are quite smooth. They take twenty-eight days to hatch and both birds are very bold in defence of their possessions; but they become even more daring when their eggs give place to downy-clad chicks and more than one person, passing through the orchard gate, has had a temporary scare.

On one occasion I lifted an owlet from its nursery and placed it on a log to photograph it, but it was a vicious little sinner and clicked its beak violently in disapproval. However, so far as I could see, the parents were not in sight, so I carefully arranged it in a favourable position for photography when suddenly the hen bird dived through the branches straight at me. It was a terrifying moment, for an infuriated owl is no desirable playmate, and I wildly flung round a haversack to protect my face, but the determined old bird came to within arm's length before deviating from her course to alight in an apple tree.

Eventually I erected a hide from which to keep close observation of the owls in the elm, and during the long light nights of summer enjoyed many an hour watching them bringing food to their family. Rats, mice and voles constituted their mainstay and the parents continued hunting long after the appetites of their brood had been satisfied, for there was always a surplus of food in the nursery.

THE adults always swallowed their food whole and I have seen quite large rats disappear down their throats, usually head first; but after swallowing such a huge morsel they usually rested awhile. Anyone who has watched these birds must surely be impressed by the useful service they render to our country's food supply, for a single pair of tawny owls will kill hundreds of rats, mice, rabbits and voles annually, and it is is essential to remember that there are probably hundreds of thousands of tawny owls in this country all vigorously engaged in a totalitarian warfare on the rodent tribe!

(On left)
A young Tawny Owl. When quite young they look like a ball of cotton-wool

A hide which the author built from which to keep close observation of the owls in the elm

Charlie Shall Come

IN the Western Highlands, the skies weep more often than they smile, but never, men said, had they wept as they wept in the summer of 1746, after the Battle of Culloden had been fought and lost by the king of all Highland hearts, "bonnie Prince Charlie." It seemed to be the end of everything to the faithful souls that loved him so well. News travelled but slowly in those far-off days, and many knew nothing of his whereabouts or of his welfare. Many even thought him dead. He had been forced to flee from the field, against his own will and wish, by his advisers, who had implored him to live, for the sake of Scotland and the further future. Some said that he wished rather to die fighting, but older and wiser heads had prevailed, or, they had seemed wiser at the time. Yet it is ill to turn the course of Fate, as those who loved him were later to learn, to their own heartbreak, even as they were later to cry: "Would God that he *had* died upon Culloden Moor."

The sitting-room in the Ross family's house on the shore was softly glowing in the light of a gloriously scented peat fire, which in the darkening room threw a gentle shine over the low ceiling and the solid well-rubbed furniture. Mistress Ross sat in a high-backed armchair, her tapestry work unheeded, her head resting on her hand. Her daughter Alison pushed back the curly hair from her own brows, and looked wistfully across at her mother.

"He'll come again, Mother," she said.

"Maybe, maybe," said her mother, raising her head. "I have more than a feeling that he will, and that he's not dead. We love him too well. It could not be. Our love would call him back, I'm thinking, from the very shades of death."

"You saw him, Mother, that time in Edinburgh, a year ago. He was awfu' bonnie, was he not?"

"He was just the king of hearts," said her mother. "Tall and straight like a young tree, and clear of skin, with a pair of the brightest brown eyes I ever saw. Ay, he was a right Stuart. He wore a white powdered wig with the curls to it tied back on his neck, and a scarlet coat and tartan trews, and he laughed . . . oh lassie, the way he laughed. He just laughed his way into every heart. All the girls were crowding round to kiss his hand, but he saw me, not young, and no longer beautiful, standing in the back, half afraid to push forward, and, says he: 'Here's a loyal lady. Give ye good-day, Mistress,' and held out his hand. It was long and white, with the finger-nails like to polished stones, like all the Stuarts. They say the Queen of Scots had a hand like that, too. I kissed it, and I cried at the very howe* of my voice: 'God save your Grace, King of all Scotland,' and with that he laughed, and says 'Ay, and I'll be King of England, too, ere long,' and all cheered and threw up their hats, and blew kisses on their finger-tips to him. Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Alison had heard the tale often, but she never wearied of the telling. In her dreams, she dreamed of a day when the fugitive prince should come to Kilkiven and ask for shelter. Perhaps even now he might be wandering near, cold, ragged, and hungry, in the drizzling rain and the gathering darkness. There is little of summer in the West Highlands. They lie always in their silvery garment of mist and soft rain, or in gleaming moments of sunlight that come and go, come and go, between the rolling clouds.

"My heart is wae fro him, child," said Mrs. Ross again, "but that's not all. We are like to have our home taken from us."

"Our home? Kilkiven? The laird would never do that, surely?" cried Alison, her dark grey eyes widening.

"It has been a hard year for all. The harvest failed last summer for the lack of sunshine, and the crops rotted in the fields for lack of labour. All the lads were away at the fighting. We are many times in arrears with our rent. Your father saw the laird yestreen, and told him how it was, but the laird is a hard man. He said he also had to live, and he had an offer for the land from Macdonald of the Whins, nearby to us. He has given us three months to find the money. Lassie, lassie, he might as well have said three days. We'll need to leave our home that has been ours and our father's fathers' for over two hundred years, and live in a sheiling, and God knows upon what we will live."

"Mother, small wonder that you weep," said Alison. She walked despondently out of the door and into the gathering evening, and there stood still, a hand on her brows, gazing out across the heaving, tossing sea. She was a very lovely girl, young and slender, with the clear brown skin, dark grey eyes, and glowing red-gold hair of the true West Highlander, and she made, as she stood there, an entrancing picture, in her full skirted gown, her tartan shawl crossed over her breast and tied in a knot at the back of her waist. Tucked in, well below the shawl, where it would not show to curious eyes, was pinned a little ruffle cockade of white satin ribbon, the White Cockade of the Stuarts, the White Cockade for Prince Charlie.

"Your pardon and grace, Mistress," said a voice nearby, making her jump, "but is there ever a bite of food and a pillow for twa hungry and weary men this nicht? We hae travelled far."

Alison glanced round at a dark stocky

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

*howe: height or top.

Again

A Romance of the 'Forty-Five

By

Mary Just

ALISON turned on him in a blaze of fury. "You speak like that of Prince Charlie," she cried and caught him a swinging slap across the cheek

little fellow in hodden grey, with thick woollen stockings above his knee breeches. He was bronzed and swarthy, but his face was lined with fatigue. "We are but poor folk, sir," she said, "I'll ask my mother. It should not be said that a Ross ever turned a weary man away."

"Rosses, hey?" said the stranger. He turned and gave a curious whistle on his fingers. "Ye're safe tae come oot, lad," he called. "This hoose belongs to the Rosses."

The whin bushes parted by the slope at the back of the garden wall, and a tall young man leapt out. He, too, was dressed in worn and patched garments of hodden grey, his dark hair hung disordered about his brow, and he looked pale and tired, not to say exhausted, but when he saw Alison, he pulled himself together, a sparkle came into his dark eyes, and he bowed with an airy grace, saying "Faith of God! I heard there were fairies in these parts, Willie, but I never thought to see one."

"You look weary, sir," said Alison pityingly, "will you not come inside to the fire?"

"It were best to mak' sure . . ." began the other man, but the younger brushed him aside.

"That thirty thousand pounds will never be claimed by the Rosses," he said. "I'll trust this lady."

"Ye wild rapscallion," cried the older man impatiently. "Do ye wish tae dangle from a gibbet the morn's morn?"

Alison looked from one to the other with wide eyes. What was this talk of thirty thousand pounds and dangling from gibbets?

"You are fleeing from justice, sirs," she said doubtfully.

"From injustice, my pretty maid. Have no fear. Go ask your mother if we may sleep in the barn this night, and share any food that's to be had. Say that we are. . . ." He paused, then, after a moment's thought, added deliberately, "say we are fugitives from Culloden."

"From Culloden," cried Alison, clasping her hands over her heart, and over the little white cockade that lay there. "Oh, surely, sirs, come your ways in, come your ways in. My mother will be fain to welcome you both." She stopped, her eyes shining. "Sirs, did you ever see Prince Charlie?" she asked breathlessly.

The two men exchanged amused looks. Then the younger, he of the dark dancing eyes, said: "Faith, not I. I never saw him. But you, Willie, you have seen him often enough."

"Then sir, belike you have kissed his hand?"

"Many a time and oft, in the days when he was a prince wi' a hand to be kissed," agreed Willie, who had the air of a serving man or groom. "'Twas no great matter to make your eyes so big about," observed the younger man. "He's but a poor fish when all's said, your Prince Charlie, not worth the shedding of the best blood in Scotland."

Alison turned on him in a blaze of fury. "You speak like that of Prince Charlie," she cried. "Sleep in the pigsties, for all I care. You shall not enter *this* house." She caught him a swinging slap across the cheek. "That for your impudence! Not worth the shedding of our blood. There is a lady in the great house on the island yonder, the same lost her three sons at Culloden. She was like to lose her own life in the bearing of each in turn. Yet she wrote a song, and she sings it now, to the music of her harp . . . listen." And she chanted softly in the still damp twilight air.

"I had three sons, I noo hae nane,
I bare them toiling sairly.
But I wad bear them a' again
Tae lose them a' for Charlie."

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she spoke faster. "Who are you, that dare to speak so of the king of all our hearts?"

The little man who had been addressed as "Willie" turned to her with a grin on his dark face, a grin in which approval and amusement mingled.

"Faith o' ma faithers," he said. "This *is* the king of a' your hearts. This is the prince himsel'."

There was a long silence. All three stood where they were, and the only sound to be heard was the moaning of the sea against the rocks below, and the crying of the gannets in the gathering storm. Charles Edward Stuart had been smiling, but he smiled no more. He stood gazing intently at the girl whose love for himself and his cause had so fired her blood. There was something in those dark eyes of his, a sadness, maybe, which seemed to echo and endorse the words he had spoken, that he himself was not worth the shedding of the best blood in Scotland. Perhaps his thoughts were returning to Culloden Moor, and to the many dead who had loved him well enough to count death a little thing in his cause. As for Alison, she seemed turned to marble. Her face was as white as the starlight.

"Oh, sire," she stammered at last, "I struck you in the face. Oh, sire!"

She fell on her knees, catching at his hand, that long-fingered tapering Stuart hand described by her mother so often, and although it was browned and begrimed, it was the hand of her king. She covered it with her kisses and her tears.

"Forgive me, sire," she sobbed. "Forgive me."

"Faith, I think there's little to forgive," said the prince, recovering his airy insouciance. "You struck what you thought was the king's enemy. Rise up, my lass, and lead us to your mother. We are famished and weary."

She sprang to her feet, darting him a look of grateful adoration. "Come your ways in, sire, come your ways in. Mother . . . Mother . . . it's the prince. It's the prince himself. It's Prince Charlie."

Mrs. Ross came rustling from "ben the hoose" with incredulous looks, yet, after one long intent gaze at the young man, so changed, alas, from the gay and colourful Edinburgh days, she, too, fell on her knees to kiss his hand.

"May God bless and protect your Grace, now and ever," she said quietly, "you have come to our poor house in your hour of need. All in it is yours."

As she bustled about, first pushing forward the armchair, then seeing to the fire, and finally darting off to her larder and kitchen, the prince turned a fleeting glance on the lovely shining-eyed girl, who stood still, as though bewitched by a fairy tale come true, gazing at him.

"*All* in the house?" he said.

"Alison," called her mother, "come away and help me. Bring out the best china and glasses. And tell Robbie to run and tell your father we have guests this night. He's not to say who they are. It's better so, your Grace," she added, returning to the hearth, a dignified and gentle woman, with all the remains of her daughter's beauty. "Not that you need fear in these parts. You are the king of all Highland hearts."

"By'r lady, the last that told me that, slapped me across the face," said Charles Edward, throwing back his head with that infectious laugh of his. Willie echoed it, and even Alison's lips dimpled.

"It was I, Mother," she said, "I slapped his face for saying Prince Charlie was a poor fish."

"There's a many true words spoken in jest," said Charles Stuart, a shadow crossing his handsome brows. "Nay, Mistress Ross, never make a guest of me. I'll share what you have yourselves."

THAT was an evening never to be forgotten, the evening of all evenings in Alison's life. Mr. Ross came in, greeted his royal guest with dignified respect and devotion, and told him that in all Scotland he could have chosen no better place to be safe and in hiding. The whisky was brought out, the prince drank to his hosts, the Rosses drank to their true king, the candlelight flickered and beamed, the fire roared in the chimney, and through all the talk and the laughter and the quips and the jests, one pair of brown eyes continually sought one pair of grey ones, with a look as old as the rocks below them, and as young as the young birds crying in the storm without.

"Where do you go the morn, sire?" asked Mistress Ross. "Can we not hide you here?"

"We could do that," agreed Ross. Then he suddenly caught himself up and his brows blackened. "For as long as the land and the house are mine," he said bitterly.

"Why say you so, sir?"

"I am in arrears with my rent, your highness. I have notice to leave."

"Your laird is a true man, is he not? (*Continued on page* 64)

NORMAN ROSS opened the door, admitting, as he had feared, a red-coated officer, followed by ten or twelve men

Hat Tricks

The world of women is strictly divided into the kind who enjoy choosing a hat and the kind who don't. The second category can be sub-divided into those who say "I can't get a hat to suit me," and those who say "I like them in the shop, but I hate them when I get home." Both mean that the art of choosing a hat has eluded them.

A hat should be chosen not only for its qualities as such, but for its qualities as the hat to go with your face, your hair and your figure—all three. The success of a headpiece is a matter of its proportions as much as of its colour and trimmings.

Some hat tricks to remember: A thin face needs a hat with curves—no sharp angles. Sharp features are softened by side drapery. Long faces call for wider brims. If you wear spectacles, choose a slanting brim-line. Prominent features are minimised by forward-jutting brims. If your nose is long, never wear a backward-tilting hat. A round face wants a small hat. All faces need hats and hair-styles which complement each other.

Study the full-length effect in a mirror when choosing a hat. Proportions from top to toe are all important. The elegance of this Christian Dior full-skirted three-quarter-length coat, worn over a narrow black skirt, is completed by perfect balancing with the wide-brimmed hat.

The crescent shape worn flat on the crown is the season's favourite hat and kind to most faces if worn with a short off-the-ears hair style and a softly curled fringe.

This burnt straw with black ospreys worn on the crown of the head calls for a neat neckline. In the pictures to the right Nova Pilbeam shows, above, the right and, below, the wrong hair-styles to adopt with the same hat. Hat and hair-style by Robert and Douglas.

Photo.: Swedish Traffic Association.

Canal steamers make the Gota Canal trip from Gothenburg to Stockholm through pastoral Sweden.

The favourable rate of exchange gives English visitors to Italy good value for their money.

THE LAST OUNCE

A little knowledge about local conditions adds comfort and pleasure to a holiday abroad. Nothing is more frustrating than the discovery at the end of a holiday that

THE £35 limit, which has to cover hotel fees as well as meals and entertainments, makes for a money-conscious holiday, but if a daily spending allowance is worked out beforehand, a great deal of anxiety can be eliminated.

Tipping should not worry you unduly. Service is usually included in the bill, but you can add more if you wish. In France and Belgium there are standard rates for carrying luggage, and the porter will always tell you what it is if you ask him.

Meals need never cost more than anticipated. Most cafés display menus and prices outside. If not, ask the price of a meal before you start. This does not, of course, apply to the more fashionable restaurants, which you will be well advised to avoid except perhaps at the end of your stay when you find yourself with a surplus and money to burn. Remember that you cannot get out of a night-club without buying a bottle of something. It varies from pounds for champagne in Paris to shillings in Copenhagen for beer, but the principle remains constant.

Language will present no serious problems if you are staying in any of the big towns or tourist centres, as English will be tolerably if not well spoken in shops and restaurants. But if you are bound for hamlets off the beaten track, take a dictionary.

You are allowed to take 500 cigarettes out of England, so if a smokeless holiday is hard labour, pack what you will require, as supplies are difficult in many Continental places, even if you like the local brands.

Photo.: Com. au Tourisme, Paris.

The chateau country of Touraine, studded with romantic castles, where the most superb cooking can be sampled at wayside hôtelleries.

FRANCE

Paris, like any other big towns, is costly until you know your way around. For eating, it is less expensive to avoid the boulevard cafés and go to the Left Bank or the suburbs. Paris in summer has scorching heat, few taxis, and cobbles that are hard on the feet, and you will be glad of cool clothes and comfortable shoes.

If you are bound for the French countryside, ask for the *vin du pays*. In Champagne, it will be still champagne; in Touraine, *Pouilly* or *Vouvray*. In any case, it will be the cheapest wine available, and a draught variety of a wine which, bottled, will certainly cost more than you can afford in any of the big towns. If other inspiration fails, order *vin rosé*. It is good, inexpensive, and far more potent than its pale colour implies. Meat is expensive in France, and you will only eat it liberally at the risk of overspending, but the French have a genius for substitutes.

SCANDINAVIA

Perhaps you have planned to

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A Four-In-One Wardrobe

Put them together,
wear them separately,
or mix them to make
Four Different Outfits

1

2

3

4

1. The basis of this four-way wardrobe is a simple suit in black or navy rayon or wool with a waist-hugging jacket and a swirling skirt. Wear it over a full petticoat of polka-dot rayon and pin a polka-dot flower to your lapel.

2. Add a square-neck blouse of the same material as the petticoat and wear it with the skirt of the suit for afternoon occasions.

3. Transform the petticoat and the blouse into a summer afternoon dress by wearing them together when the occasion demands.

4. Finally, team the little jacket with the dress on cool evenings and you have the fourth complete outfit.

What's Your

Is It The House?

GRUMBLES, like measles, are infectious, and housewives have caught the current infection. Even Cabinet Ministers add to the not unpleasurable feeling of martyrdom by patting us, metaphorically, on the head, and conceding that housewives are hard done by. Too true; homemaking is one gigantic problem, and housekeeping to-day is about as rewarding as an attack of gout. Nevertheless, it could be that we are too inclined to sit back waiting upon some occult agency to improve the situation

and without making an effort to doctor our own domestic complaints.

There are many problems beyond our means to solve, but this vague and enervating state of discontent which is making us view our homes through smoke-coloured glasses is as much a frame of mind as a true reflection of the realities. Many current domestic ailments can be doctored. Anyway, there is nothing to be lost by getting down to a common-sense diagnosis beginning with the searching query "What *is* wrong? Is it the home or is it me?"

The biggest factor in the home is the homemaker herself. It is not so much the problems as the way we deal with them that tells in the long run.

IF you share with thousands of other homemakers a feeling of frustration and discontent, *do* something. Draw up a balance sheet. Exactly what *are* your complaints? Put them under the headings "amenable to treatment" or "chronic."

When you have classified your troubles you can go to work on those which are amenable, accepting the "chronics" which are beyond your present capacity to improve with as something to which you must adapt yourself, bringing the greatest possible efficiency to bear in circumventing them.

Cold

TO meet the difficulty of keeping food in summer with gas and electric refrigerators almost impossible to obtain, there is a worth-while proposition in the type of cooler which runs independent of all mains. While the temperature in the cooler will not attain freezing-point, butter will remain firm and milk and food fresh inside the cooler for quite considerable periods.

This cooler operates on the principle of cooling by evaporation. Water is poured on to the top tile made of special porous clay. This soaks through to a reservoir, from where it is conducted

Complaint?

In the course of your impartial and common-sense enquiry you will almost certainly discover that there are faults in the arrangement, the equipment and the running of the house which you just haven't bothered to set about improving because blaming "the situation" for everything was the more obvious thing to do. You will also, if you are courageous enough, discover faults in yourself, your handling of the home, the people in it and the problems which bedevil us all.

Fatigue is the ruling factor behind our complaints. We cannot command mental relaxation with ease, but the physical fatigue which afflicts most housewives to-day can be alleviated by greater efficiency. Homes must be run to-day like businesses and with as much attention to detail. It was always a mistake to suppose that the art of homemaking just comes naturally. To-day it is sheer folly.

Ask yourself if you are organising efficiently. If you are working too hard and yet not really accomplishing very much. It could be that you are attaching too much importance to the day-to-day problems of housekeeping and too little to the very important matter of remaining a composed and lovable human being.

Home life does not take readily to reforms, and we are inclined to go on fostering bad habits, nourishing stupid defects that some thought and reorganisation could put right. This applies

especially to the home to-day. Shabby it may be, and the cost of things prohibits a spending spree, nevertheless some rearrangement, a little home decorating, a little doctoring to petty inconveniences pays dividends. Above all, if you are full of complaints, look to yourself as the best doctor. Waiting for something to turn up is the real bogy. Diagnose the troubles and you will discover that many remedies are at your own hand.

Winifred Lewis

Comfort

by means of syphonic tapes to vertical tiles inserted into the sides. By this action, all the tiles remain coated by a film of water, which aids the process of evaporation.

The cooling cabinet needs little maintenance. The first time in use, 11 pints of water are poured slowly on to the top tile. Thereafter, the water in the lower reservoir is drained daily and replaced by the same amount of fresh water, adding ½ to 1 pint of water extra to replace that lost by evaporation. The cost of these coolers is considerably lower than an electrically- or gas-operated refrigerator.

Stocking Up

Far from banishing legs into the forgotten limbo, longer skirts have put a subtle emphasis upon pretty ankles and feet. To be daintily shod below your swishing skirts is as important, and even more so, than it was. At the same time, the stocking outlook continues to brighten in response to the coupon reduction and the assurance that the nylon export target may soon be reached, bringing bigger supplies to the home market. We can perhaps take a wider view of " stocking-up " than merely getting stockings —any stockings. Meantime, here are some helpful hints in anticipation of a more adequate stocking wardrobe.

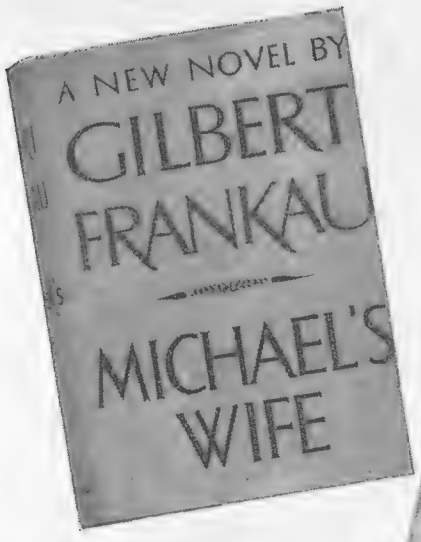
HAVING once worn sheer nylon hose, other types of stockings tend to seem too heavy. But a low dernier silk or a good fully-fashioned lisle are more in keeping with country shoes and tweeds. Dernier, by the way, is the scale by which the weight of the stocking is measured, as anyone who has received silk stockings from America will know. The higher the dernier the finer the stocking. Thus a 15-dernier is a good service weight, while a 20-dernier is a cobweb, evening weight.

Buying stockings of the right size is an elementary rule for longevity. Manufacturers' sizes vary, so if you take a size 9 in one make, do not take it for granted that all sizes 9 will fit equally well. Buy stockings by measurement rather than size. Ask the assistant to measure the foot of the stocking and choose a size larger if there is any doubt about it.

If stockings seem to wear unduly quickly, examine your shoes before placing all the blame on the stockings. Friction caused by a shoe that is a little too short or lining that has become torn or rucked will wreck stockings more quickly than anything. If you have long, pointed feet which make the toe of the stocking the first casualty, be sure that the stockings are adequately large and invest in a toe-cap lining. These stocking linings are easily obtainable now, and are made to fit comfortably to the foot, and save a considerable amount of wear on the stocking itself. There are stocking linings specially made for wear with toe-less shoes, with a toe-cap made of invisible mesh.

It is fairly common knowledge these days that to wear a pair of stockings more than once before washing is to shorten their life considerably. This is even more true in summer than in winter. The reason is that, although we may not be aware of it, feet naturally perspire and there is a certain acid deposit which, if allowed to harden into the fabric, will render it more than usually susceptible to wear by friction.

The darker shades which are fashionable at the moment can look most effective with light outfits as well as dark. But choose your shoes to complement the tone of the stocking, rather than the dress, the shoes being teamed with accessories if necessary. Thus dark stockings, dark shoes and a light dress, yes. But dark stockings, a light dress and shoes will look clumsy and unflattering. Sheer black stockings are smartest of all, but they are at their best with a complete black ensemble. Unless you have an adequate number of pairs to go round, don't invest in a black pair or you will eventually be faced with the embarrassment of having to wear black stockings with the wrong outfit.



The Old Masters

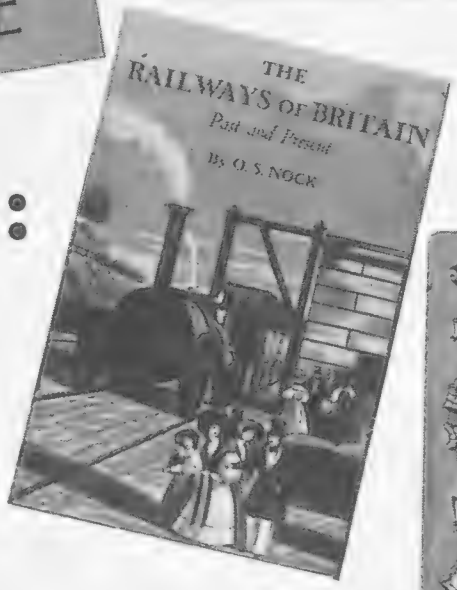
THREE tried novelists who favour big canvases with plenty of sub-characters and good basic stories feature this month. Mr. Frank Swinnerton's **"Faithful Company"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) concerns the dominating owner of a periodical publishing house and an intriguing son who has all the makings of a petty tyrant and doesn't stop short of arson when his schemes are thwarted: an expert study of character with Dickensian touches.

Miss Phyllis Bentley's **"Life Story"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is that of an old lady in a West Riding mill-owning family whose life-chart has followed the epic curve: struggle against family oppression, achievement of power, corruption causing revolt and final loss of it. Marital troubles and a murder on the side contribute to a chronicle of three generations written with the author's scrupulous technique and knowledge of background.

More superficial in sentiment and idea is Mr. Booth Tarkington's **"Image of Josephine"** (Hammond, 8s. 6d.) which portrays the spoilt daughter of a U.S. millionaire who endows a symphony orchestra and museum. It is when Josephine takes control of the museum that she meets a broken young war hero who has been given a light job there, and through love finds the real self under the social mask. An entertaining story of poor-little-rich-girl finding that there's more to life than dollars.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



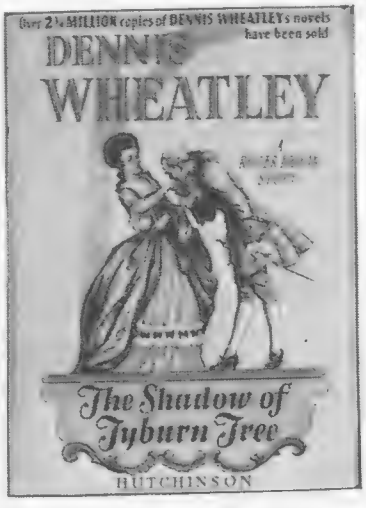
STRANGE are the winds of circumstance that blow into men's lives, launching them on unusual journeys—Captain Roy Farran went east in 1940 at nineteen, fought in tanks in the Western Desert and in Crete, operated as a Special Service commando behind the enemy lines in Italy and France, and finally served in the Palestine Police—a job that involved him in a charge of murdering a Jew, on which he was acquitted, and recently resulted in his brother's death from a parcel-bomb intended for him. Naturally, he has an absorbing story to tell in an account of his exploits—**"Winged Dagger"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—and tells it manfully. A book all should read who imagine that the spirit of adventure exemplified by so many, from Drake to T. E. Lawrence, is no longer a virtue of British youth.

MR. ALAN HESS'S journey—as Austin's P.R.O.—was at the wheel of a Sixteen saloon, from Oslo to Geneva by way of Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris and Berne, in the bitter winter before last. Two other Sixteens took part, and the seven days' trek over icebound road was to boost British cars at the Geneva show in March. He admits that when he began planning this scheme he wondered if he hadn't bitten off more than he could chew and felt rather like Jonah when he said to the whale, "If only you'd kept your big mouth shut I shouldn't be where I am now." Actually they did the whole successful trip without even fitting the wheel chains they carried. Motorists will find his natural, friendly style just right in **"Gullible's Travels"** (Motor Racing Publications, 10s. 6d.) and dream of following his route some day—but not, please, in such weather.

MR. DANE CHANDOS'S European and U.S. upbringing, followed by travels in many countries, left him with a desire to live again in the Mexico where he was born. He built himself a house at Ajijic amid orange, banana and mango trees, and came to love the people and the life, though "the same thing happens one day with another . . . and it wouldn't much matter if you forgot the year." **"Village in the Sun"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is an intimate chronicle of his year there, with lovable slants on peasants, customs, fiestas.

MR. FRANK W. LANE'S journeys are those of an insatiably inquisitive mind through the wonders and oddities of nature. In **"Animal Wonderland"** (Country Life, 15s.) he tells of an earwig that got into the bomb-release mechanism of a bomber, compelling the pilot to return with his load; a shark caught wearing a motor-car tyre; a snake snared in a spider's web; a cricketer whose record catch was a swallow darting past; experiments in feeding bees which proved that they had an infallible sense of time. Do some birds ride pick-a-back on others, do hedgehogs spike apples with their spines, and birds rub ants into their feathers for pleasure? are among the problems he tackles in a vividly illustrated book full of fascinating lore written up in a popular way.

THE nationalization of our railways and centenary of George Stephenson's death lend point to Mr. O. S. Nock's carefully written past-and-present survey: **"The Railways of Britain"** (Batsford, 15s.). Among the historical rarities is a story of half a goods train that ran amok down a gradient to Pinwherry, up one beyond it, and so to and fro like a shuttle until its momentum was exhausted. A permanent way inspector who happened to be staying the night at Pinwherry station-house said he'd never known a busier country station; there were trains every ten minutes through the night! Colour prints and photographs help to make this one of the best books on railway history and present-day systems.



THE study involved in translating *Hamlet* into Spanish induced Salvador de Madariaga to elaborate his conclusions about the character in **"On Hamlet"** (Hollis & Carter, 10s. 6d.). He believes that there was a void, disappointment and frustration (*Continued on page* 68)

In Search of Glamour

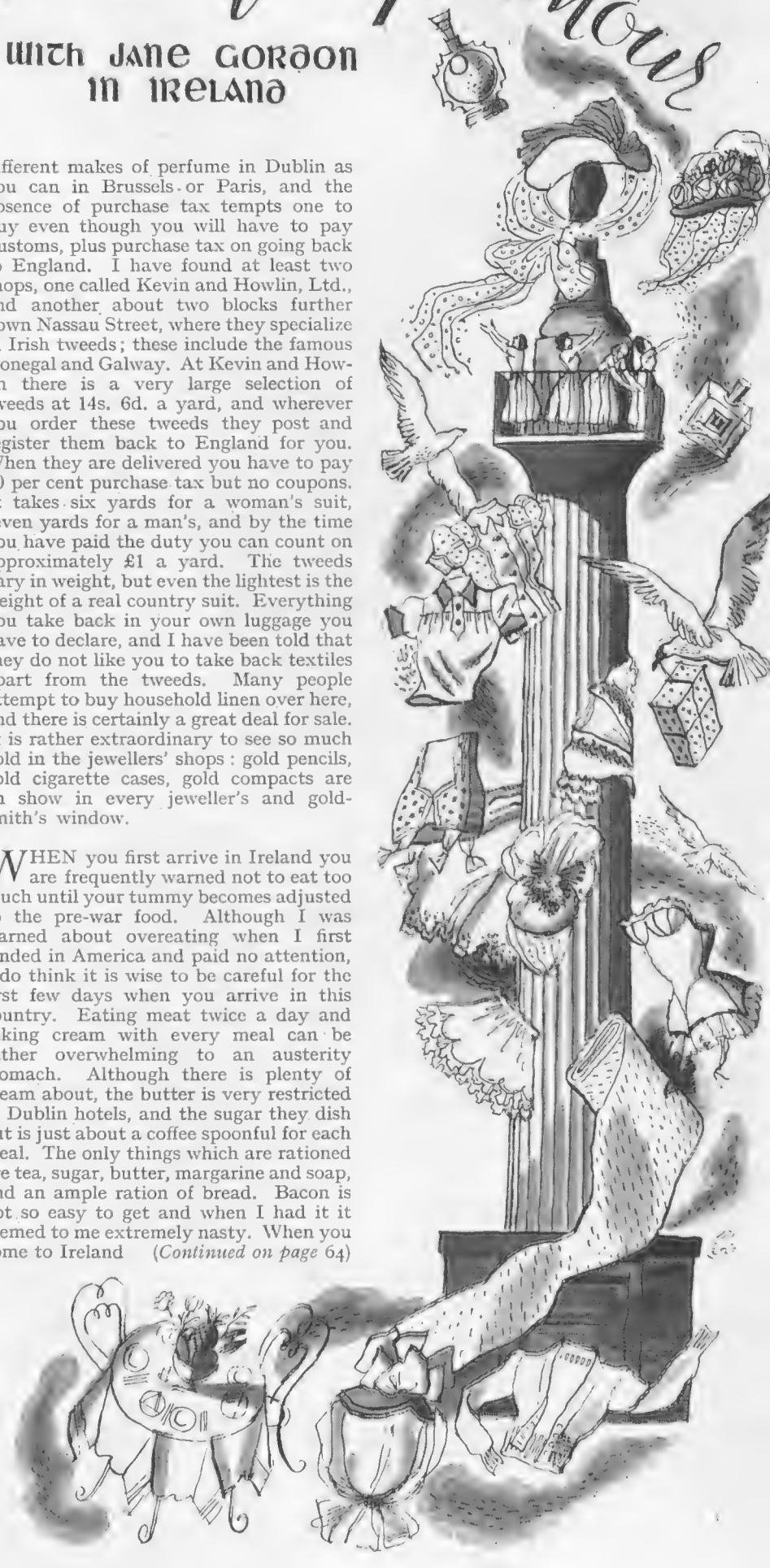
With Jane Gordon in Ireland

BELIEVE it or not, it really is possible to take a pre-war holiday inside the sterling area with no trouble at all. Here in Ireland you can live as you used to live before we went to war. You can spend money without the horror of trying to make £35 stretch beyond the bounds of reason. You can eat what you want without let or hindrance and forget about ration books, coupons and personal points for the time being. People in Ireland behave in the same way that normal English people used to behave long, long ago in the piping days of peace. Shop assistants are invariably courteous and helpful; they appear delighted to sell you what you are looking for, and if they have not got what you want they are only too glad to tell you where you may find it. In the hotels all the staff seem glad to be of service and what is more remarkable the streets are crowded with people who look quite pleased to be alive.

WHETHER you choose to come to Ireland by air or by the "hard way," is really a question which is decided more by the amount of luggage you need than anything else. As far as I can make out, flying is not very much more expensive than the rail and boat service, but the excess luggage increases the cost enormously. We left Euston about eight o'clock and had most comfortable first-class sleepers reserved for us. The tiresome part of the journey is that you are wakened out of a nice sound sleep at two o'clock in the morning, leave the train about half an hour later, and have to struggle through the usual pens past officials who look at your passport. When we got on the boat it was about three o'clock. We actually had a cabin but were lured away to the dining saloon, where we enjoyed a most delicious breakfast of eggs and real Irish sausages. We could have had beefsteaks or chump chops. When we docked at Dun Laoghaire it was a beautiful morning and the Dublin train was waiting at the quayside. Actually we drove into Dublin by car and arrived at our hotel in time for another early morning breakfast. There was a slight hiatus because the departing guests did not have to leave their rooms until midday, and so there were four hours with nothing to do but walk the streets or lounge about the hotels. This is a slight inconvenience you have got to be prepared for.

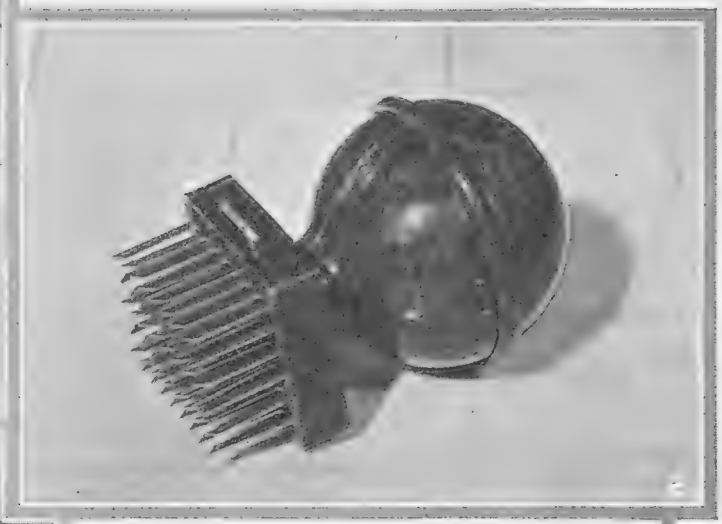
I HAVE spent the most enjoyable week shopping in Dublin. The stores here are particularly good, especially two of them—Switzer and Brown Thomas. Both stores have a very good corset department. Curiously enough, although they carry better stocks of every well-known make of suspender belt, roll-ons and corselets, their selection of brassieres is rather limited. You can find almost as many different makes of perfume in Dublin as you can in Brussels or Paris, and the absence of purchase tax tempts one to buy even though you will have to pay Customs, plus purchase tax on going back to England. I have found at least two shops, one called Kevin and Howlin, Ltd., and another about two blocks further down Nassau Street, where they specialize in Irish tweeds; these include the famous Donegal and Galway. At Kevin and Howlin there is a very large selection of tweeds at 14s. 6d. a yard, and wherever you order these tweeds they post and register them back to England for you. When they are delivered you have to pay 50 per cent purchase tax but no coupons. It takes six yards for a woman's suit, seven yards for a man's, and by the time you have paid the duty you can count on approximately £1 a yard. The tweeds vary in weight, but even the lightest is the weight of a real country suit. Everything you take back in your own luggage you have to declare, and I have been told that they do not like you to take back textiles apart from the tweeds. Many people attempt to buy household linen over here, and there is certainly a great deal for sale. It is rather extraordinary to see so much gold in the jewellers' shops : gold pencils, gold cigarette cases, gold compacts are on show in every jeweller's and goldsmith's window.

WHEN you first arrive in Ireland you are frequently warned not to eat too much until your tummy becomes adjusted to the pre-war food. Although I was warned about overeating when I first landed in America and paid no attention, I do think it is wise to be careful for the first few days when you arrive in this country. Eating meat twice a day and taking cream with every meal can be rather overwhelming to an austerity stomach. Although there is plenty of cream about, the butter is very restricted in Dublin hotels, and the sugar they dish out is just about a coffee spoonful for each meal. The only things which are rationed are tea, sugar, butter, margarine and soap, and an ample ration of bread. Bacon is not so easy to get and when I had it it seemed to me extremely nasty. When you come to Ireland (*Continued on page* 64)



Helping Hands

Some small kitchen gadgets, designed to lighten the burden of summer cooking, which are being demonstrated daily at a newly opened Home Centre at a Leading London Stores



1. *A balance scoop which will measure accurately half and one ounce quantities of any dry ingredient.* *Price 5s.*

2. *Meat tenderizer with a removable blade section to facilitate cleaning.* *Price 11s. 9d.*

3. *A practical sifter, which at the same time measures the flour in cupfuls.* *Price 2s. 1d.*

4. *A patent rotary egg whisk and bowl which can also be used for beating all light mixtures.* *Price: Whisk, 6s. 3d.; bowl, 3s. 6d.*

5. *These strong all-purpose kitchen scissors have special fitments for prising lids and opening screw caps. Complete on a hanging wall fitment,* *Price 9s. 5d.*

The name of the store where these gadgets can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Making Up To Fashion

FASHION says that there must be nothing bizarre in this summer's make-up; no deep yellowish shades of sun-tan; no orange-hued rouge or lipstick. "Look pretty and pink" is the order of the day, but please remember that there are varying degrees of pink. It is not necessary to look like a fondant or a christening cake.

One of the loveliest new make-up shades this summer is "April-May." It is fresh and youthful as flowers and very feminine. This make-up successfully echos the flowers that bloom on every smart summer hat. "April-May" cleverly combines a warmly-tinted foundation with a pastel shade of rouge and lipstick and thus avoids that hard too-pink-and-white look.

The foundation is Rose Rachel with a matching powder for an undertone. For the overtone powder Mat Foncé, a natural cream shade gives a flattering effect. And if you have never used rouge before try it now. Go out at once and buy some, because softly glowing cheeks are once more fashionable, instead of the flat tone which has been the goal of smart women for some years. Experiment with your rouge until you get a perfect result. When you are putting it on, smile, and on the high-spot of each cheek, under the centre of the eye, spread a soft faint colour.

REMEMBER, too, to wear your hat at an angle to show off your eyes. This demands well-groomed brows and darkened lashes. Keep an eyebrow brush handy and a dark brown finely-pointed pencil. Faintly pencil the brows, lengthening them if necessary, then brush smoothly, using a trace of vaseline to make them glisten. Darken the tips of the upper lashes to make them appear longer, but avoid a caked effect at all costs. On the lids a trace of french grey or sea blue eye-shadow will make the eyes look larger. Be very sparing with eye-shadow. The faintest touch is sufficient.

If you want to prove what make-up can do for your new outfit, particularly your new hat, try it on first *without* make-up, then with it.

ANOTHER lovely new make-up shade is Sea Coral which is specially becoming with the various shades of grey, stone and green. With the flower-decked burnt straw hats which re so fashionable, Sea Coral is very elegant.

With all shades of wine, purple and amethyst there is yet another shade—a lovely jewel tone named Precious Ruby. It is still in the "pretty pink" category, but of a much deeper colour.

While on the subject of making-up to fashion don't spoil a smart outfit by wearing the wrong shade of nail varnish. If it is not possible to buy one to match or tone with the lipstick you are wearing, then be on the safe side and use a pale rose or natural. Pale well-groomed nails are very feminine, but they must be flower-fresh and scrupulously manicured.

For evening wear use the same shades of make-up as for daytime, but apply them more heavily to show up in artificial light to the best advantage.

HAIR-STYLES for either day or evening should be chosen for their individual suitability. Never be rushed in to having a style simply because it is smart. The clever hair-stylist will always *adapt* your favourite arrangement to line up with present-day fashions, or modify a very new one to suit you, your hats and your mode of life.

If you are going grey try one of the new gunmetal rinses. They are most becoming with flowery faces and flowery hats, and more youthful than dyeing.

THE danger of a pink and white make-up is that it can look as shrill and unflattering as it can look delicate and becoming. It is more than ever important that rouge and lipstick should be applied with care and blended into the skin in the most natural way against a foundation which gives the correct porcelain tint.

The Biter Bit

SOME unfortunate people suffer such discomfort from insect bites that the loveliest summer day in the open becomes a martyrdom. If you are one of them never wear perfume or a highly-scented face powder for sitting out of doors where the little pests are likely to discover you. Cover your hair if you use a sweet-smelling brilliantine.

I have recently tested a new cream insect repellent which should prove a boon for holidays and evenings in the garden when mosquitos are at their most vicious. It can be used like a vanishing cream on the face, as well as on the hands and legs. It contains Dimethyl Phthallate, which may be nothing to you, but it means a lot to the insects. In other words it bites back.

Write to me if you would like the name and further particulars of this preparation.

Write Your Own Prescription

LIKE all good things, the benefits of sunshine are best seen when they are taken in moderation. The numbers of swollen and peeling faces which appeared after the recent sunny Whitsun weekend were proof enough that numberless enthusiasts for sunshine have yet to learn that overdoses are far from beneficial and actually dangerous, not to say disfiguring.

Given a reasonable quota of sunshine during the summer months we can all write our own health prescriptions, but it is a fallacy to suppose that by plunging headlong into the sun and staying there we can cure all ills.

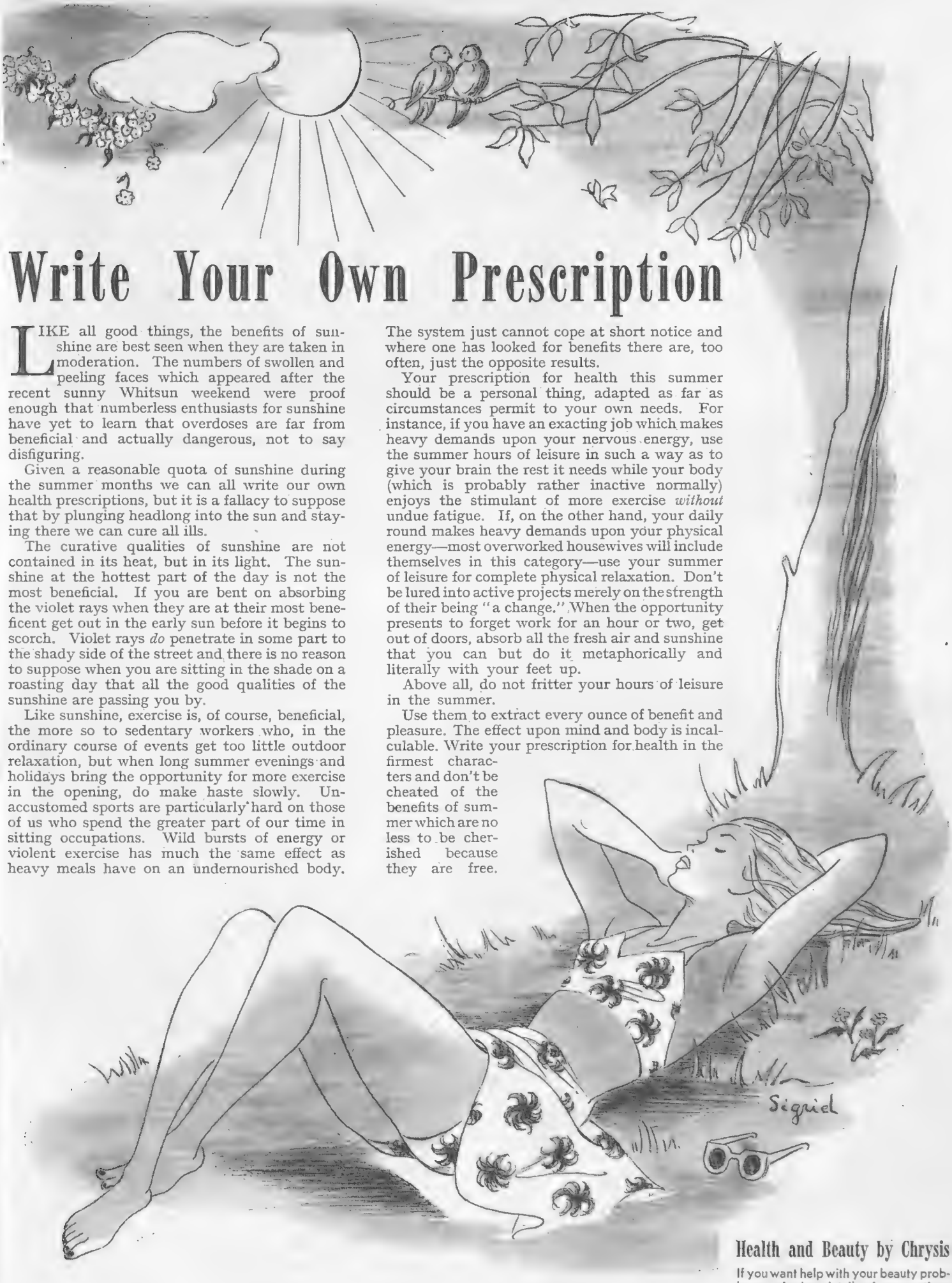
The curative qualities of sunshine are not contained in its heat, but in its light. The sunshine at the hottest part of the day is not the most beneficial. If you are bent on absorbing the violet rays when they are at their most beneficent get out in the early sun before it begins to scorch. Violet rays *do* penetrate in some part to the shady side of the street and there is no reason to suppose when you are sitting in the shade on a roasting day that all the good qualities of the sunshine are passing you by.

Like sunshine, exercise is, of course, beneficial, the more so to sedentary workers who, in the ordinary course of events get too little outdoor relaxation, but when long summer evenings and holidays bring the opportunity for more exercise in the opening, do make haste slowly. Unaccustomed sports are particularly hard on those of us who spend the greater part of our time in sitting occupations. Wild bursts of energy or violent exercise has much the same effect as heavy meals have on an undernourished body. The system just cannot cope at short notice and where one has looked for benefits there are, too often, just the opposite results.

Your prescription for health this summer should be a personal thing, adapted as far as circumstances permit to your own needs. For instance, if you have an exacting job which makes heavy demands upon your nervous energy, use the summer hours of leisure in such a way as to give your brain the rest it needs while your body (which is probably rather inactive normally) enjoys the stimulant of more exercise *without* undue fatigue. If, on the other hand, your daily round makes heavy demands upon your physical energy—most overworked housewives will include themselves in this category—use your summer of leisure for complete physical relaxation. Don't be lured into active projects merely on the strength of their being "a change." When the opportunity presents to forget work for an hour or two, get out of doors, absorb all the fresh air and sunshine that you can but do it metaphorically and literally with your feet up.

Above all, do not fritter your hours of leisure in the summer.

Use them to extract every ounce of benefit and pleasure. The effect upon mind and body is incalculable. Write your prescription for health in the firmest characters and don't be cheated of the benefits of summer which are no less to be cherished because they are free.



Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Sweets Made From Jelly

A VARIETY of delicious summer sweets can be concocted with the help of jelly. Many of us are still not blessed with a refrigerator and so cannot enjoy ice-creams, but cool, jellied sweets make a very good second best. Summer fruits set in jelly combine these two things in a delicious way, especially with the accompaniment of a flavoured custard or mock cream.

Here are some unusual ideas for sweets containing jelly, none of them will keep you too long in a hot kitchen whilst preparing them.

GATEAU CARAMEL

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

Ingredients: 1 packet strawberry jelly; ¾ pint of hot water; ½ lb. fresh strawberries (optional); ¼ pint of whipped evaporated milk or thick custard; 2 oz. sugar; flan case.

Dissolve jelly in hot water. Add sugar and cold water to bring it up to a pint. When jelly begins to set pour in half berries and milk or custard and pour into flan case. When set, decorate with mock cream and remaining strawberries.

GATEAU CARAMEL

Ingredients: Sponge ring; ½ pint caramel custard; ½ pint orange jelly; mock cream; 3 oz. icing sugar.

Make jelly and stand aside to set. Make a plain sponge mixture with 2 oz. fat and 8 oz. flour, 2 oz. sugar and 1 egg reconstituted, a dessertspoonful baking powder. Cook in a cake tin with a smaller tin in the centre or buy a plain cake and cut out centre.

Fill centre with cold, thick caramel custard. Ice top and sides of cake with pale green water icing. Pile jelly chopped on top of custard. Set a little on a greased plate and cut into flower shapes. Arrange these and rosettes of mock cream round top of gateaux.

Prepare caramel to blend with custard by putting 2 oz. sugar and 2 tablespoonsful of water in a pan and heat gently till dissolved and then boil until brown. While still hot stir in ½ pint of thick custard. Leave to cool.

GRAPE CONDÉ

Ingredients: 2 oz. mock rice, or any variety of crushed macaroni; 1 oz. sugar; 1 pint milk and water mixed; ½ pint

CUTLETS IN CHAUDFROID

Supper I

SUPPER or breakfast in the garden is a special delight. But what can we eat on these occasions which is simple to push out on the trolly and yet a little more substantial than picnic food? I suggest mostly cold fare, to save unnecessary traffic with hot dishes, which become cool during transport. It is pleasant to have a hot dish at some point, so I suggest this either at the beginning or end of the meal, and I am, therefore, including one or two hot hors d'œuvres, pastries and savouries which do not suffer with the slight delay between cooking and eating.

GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

Cut two grapefruits in segments, removing from skin, and divide these into your sundae or grapefruit glasses. Blend the juice with the juice of an orange and about two tablespoonsful of cider, sugar the fruit well and pour the juice over.

HOT HORS D'ŒUVRES

Prune and Bacon Patties

Ingredients: About 8 cooked prunes; 2 rashers bacon; 1 reconstituted egg, scrambled; tartlet cases.

Have ready tartlet cases. Fry and chop bacon, chop prunes and mix together. Fill cases and warm through. Just before serving put a teaspoonful of scrambled egg and a tiny sprig of parsley on top of each.

CUTLETS IN CHAUDFROID

Ingredients: 6 cutlets, cooked; ½ oz. gelatine; ¼ pint white sauce, with a tablespoonful of vinegar and reconstituted egg added and cooked with it (without boiling) for about 5 minutes, or use mayonnaise; ¼ pint aspic jelly; 1 dessertspoonful anchovy sauce; 1 oz. margarine.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

By Harriet Muir

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE WITH JELLY

Ingredients: 2 dessertspoonsful custard powder; 2 dessertspoonsful flour; 1 oz. cocoa; 1 pint milk and water mixed; 2 oz. sugar; ½ pint orange or strawberry jelly.

Mix custard, flour and cocoa into a paste with a little of the milk and water. Bring remaining milk to boil with sugar added. Pour slowly on to custard, mixing well. Return to pan and boil about 5 minutes till thick. Three-quarters fill individual glasses and leave to set. Now prepare jelly and when just beginning to set pour on to chocolate.

grape juice and water; ½ lb. grapes; 2 oz. sugar; 1 oz. gelatine.

Cook mock rice with milk and sugar till cream. Turn into shallow dish and leave to cool.

Skin grapes and remove pips. Cook gently in ½ pint of water with 2 oz. sugar added. Set aside a few uncooked grapes for decoration. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot juice and add it to the rest, mixing well. When jelly begins to set, pour into rice mixture. Decorate with mock cream and grapes.

CHERRY CUSTARD TARTLETS

The Garden

Brush right side of cutlets with anchovy sauce. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and add to mayonnaise or sauce. Mask the cutlets with the sauce and allow to set. Serve on a dish of watercress or chopped lettuce and garnish with fancy shapes made from aspic jelly.

CURRIED SAUSAGES

Ingredients: Cupful cooked, crushed macaroni, or riceroni; ½ pint curry sauce; sausages fried and split in four lengthways; fingers of toast.

Lay a quarter sausage on each finger of toast. Mix riceroni with sauce and spread a little of the mixture on each sausage finger, garnish with chopped parsley.

Other suggestions to fill in with: Sardines on toast with grated cheese scattered over, or tomatoes cut in half and fried with creamed fish or creamed corned beef, again a hot Macedoine of summer vegetables, with melted margarine and chopped parsley or mint poured over.

Now a few sweets. Little trifles made with fruit or jam are always attractive. A few mock ratafias improve these both to mix in and for decoration —and you can also decorate prettily with fresh raspberries or glacé cherries and cream.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Cooking With Oil

VEGETABLE oil for cooking helps out the fat ration. Although it is an expensive commodity, a little goes a long way. It can be used on its own for the ordinary Victoria Cake mixture and short pastry, but I prefer to use a little fat and a little oil. One can usually reckon two-thirds as much oil as fat would be required.

It is excellent for frying, as it makes a beautifully crisp coating and if the oil is made really hot the taste will be pleasant.

The following recipes show how to blend the oil with other ingredients.

CAKE MIXTURE

Ingredients: 4 oz. self-raising flour; 4 oz. sugar; 2 oz. oil; 2 reconstituted eggs; 2 tablespoonsful milk and water.

Sift dry things together and mix in oil, add eggs, well beaten, and milk. Fill two sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven, Reg. 4 or 350° F., about 30 minutes.

SHORT PASTRY

Ingredients: 1 oz. oil; 1 oz. fat; 6 oz. flour; pinch salt.

Rub fat into flour. Mix oil with a little water and add the flour to form into dough.

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Dear Old George

(*Continued from page 12*)

himself, "Yes, it would be all right for you. You're young and beautiful."

"That seems to want a compliment in exchange."

"Good heavens, no, I wasn't dreaming of such a thing."

"All right, then you won't get it. So speaking for myself alone, I'll say that one can't spend one's whole life looking in the glass and saying, 'God, how beautiful I am!'; and that, if the world is hell, the younger you are, the more you're going to have of it. So, if you really think that it's all right for me, please stop saying it's a hell of a world."

"I'm sorry," said George. "You must forgive me. It's the sort of silly thing one gets into the habit of saying without meaning anything." He smiled to himself and added, "As it happens, I discovered this afternoon that it wasn't at all a hell of a world. On the contrary, it has great possibilities."

"That would cheer it up if it knew," she said. "Somehow I thought you were enjoying it in a quiet sort of way."

With the graceful half-bow of the courtier paying his lady a compliment, George said, "Well — er — naturally — I mean — er — you——"

"Take a little time," she nodded, "and do us both justice."

He gave her a very boyish smile suddenly, and shook his head. "You've ruined it."

"Oh!" She said it like a child who has had its visit to the circus postponed. "Never mind. Something else will come to you without thinking, and you'll blurt it out, and I shall pass it over quickly, and then dwell on it happily after you've gone."

"Is that what you do?"

"Always. Don't you?"

He considered it, trying to recall any compliments which had been paid to him—not, of course, by Ethel.

"Yes, I think I do," he said seriously, "only of course I don't get so much opportunity."

"Oh well," she smiled, "I'll try and give you an opportunity just before you go."

"That's very kind of you. But why are you so certain that I am going first? You don't know what my station is."

"I know what mine is."

"Of course. Stupid of me. You're going on to the end."

"Yes. You ought to have done that more quickly, oughtn't you?"

"I'm not very quick, I'm afraid," he said humbly.

"Oh, I don't know, you're not doing badly. Do you go up and down every day?"

"Yes. It's only an hour each way by my usual train."

"Isn't this your usual?"

"Oh, no! The five thirty. And the eight forty-five in the morning. Full of business men, all going up and down like me."

"And what do you all do to pass the time?"

"Read the papers, and curse the Government, and somebody says 'Did you hear about old So-and-so'—getting a divorce or going into liquidation or something, and we all say 'Good lord!' and 'Well, I always did think——' and go back to our papers." And that has been my life, he thought, and I never knew it.

"Two hours every day," she murmured to herself.

"You must add a quarter of an hour each end to and from the station."

"Three hours a day. Six days a week?"

"Well, lately, five. You see, I'm head partner now."

"Fifteen hours a week. How many weeks a year?"

"On an average, say, forty-four."

"That's—wait a moment——"

"Six sixty."

"Why did you say you weren't very quick? Well now, would you like to get that into days first, or shall we multiply by the number of years and then do it?"

"It's twelve years—where I am now." He didn't say "Where we are now." Instinctively he kept Ethel out of it; not knowing whether it was because he had now left her for Mary, or because a married man might be less interesting to a girl like this.

"Well, come on. Six sixty hours multiplied by twelve—"

"Three thirty days."

She nodded to herself, saying: "Evidently there's a way of doing these things which I haven't been told about. Well, that's nearly a year."

"Two years altogether, I should say. I used to live nearer to my work, but then it was six days a week and much less holiday."

"Two years of your life! Wasted?"

"Absolutely. Except for this evening."

She clapped her hands delightedly.

"That was just right! I knew you'd do it."

"It wasn't a compliment," he said seriously. "Just an obvious fact."

"Better and better! I must be looking rather special." She felt in her bag.

"I was going to ask you," said George, with the sudden bravado of the quiet man: "do you always look as nice as this, or——"

"I'll tell you." She took out her mirror again.

"I wondered if there was to be a civic reception on the platform, and you'd dressed up for it."

"It's the hat," she announced firmly. "That's what's doing it."

"I have got a theory about hats."

"So have I. What's yours?"

George felt very wise, very much a man of the world, laying down the law about women's hats.

"It's simply this. If a woman's hat doesn't make her face more attractive, then it isn't doing its job. The hat isn't anything in itself. It's a beautifier—or nothing."

"The exact opposite of a mink coat, in fact."

"Precisely. It's the picture frame, that's all."

"And the mink coat is the red label saying '*Sold*'," she murmured. "And if you guess from that remark that nobody, alas! has ever given me a mink coat, you would be right."

He felt a sudden wild desire to give her a mink coat; and a more compelling urge not to be a damned fool.

"What was your idea—I mean about hats?"

"Oh, much more personal. Simply that this is my sort of hat, and I always knew it was, and thank Heaven I can't afford another for a long, long time. But I think you're quite right. Tell me some more of your ideas."

They discussed everything they could think of; she lightly, he a little heavily at times, with an occasional break into lightness which was the more attractive for being long out of use. He had never realized before how few girls had come into his life. All his wife's friends, now he considered them, were as middle-aged as she; if not as dowdy as Ethel, then, more regretfully, made up beyond all nature to look less dowdy than Ethel. The few girls who lived there—well, he had hardly noticed them, which meant, he supposed, that they were hardly worth noticing. The Travers girl, for example. Or Freda Williams. Nice healthy girls, and who cared?

Her voice fascinated him; and, when it came, her laugh. He wished that he were more amusing. No, he didn't. It wasn't her laugh when she was amused which he wanted, but her laugh when she was happy; when she was happily interested in what they were saying to each other. And what was it? Nothing very much. Just two friends eagerly talking. He suddenly laughed himself.

"Yes?" she said expectantly.

"I was just thinking how funny it was that I feel I know you so well, and yet I don't even know your name."

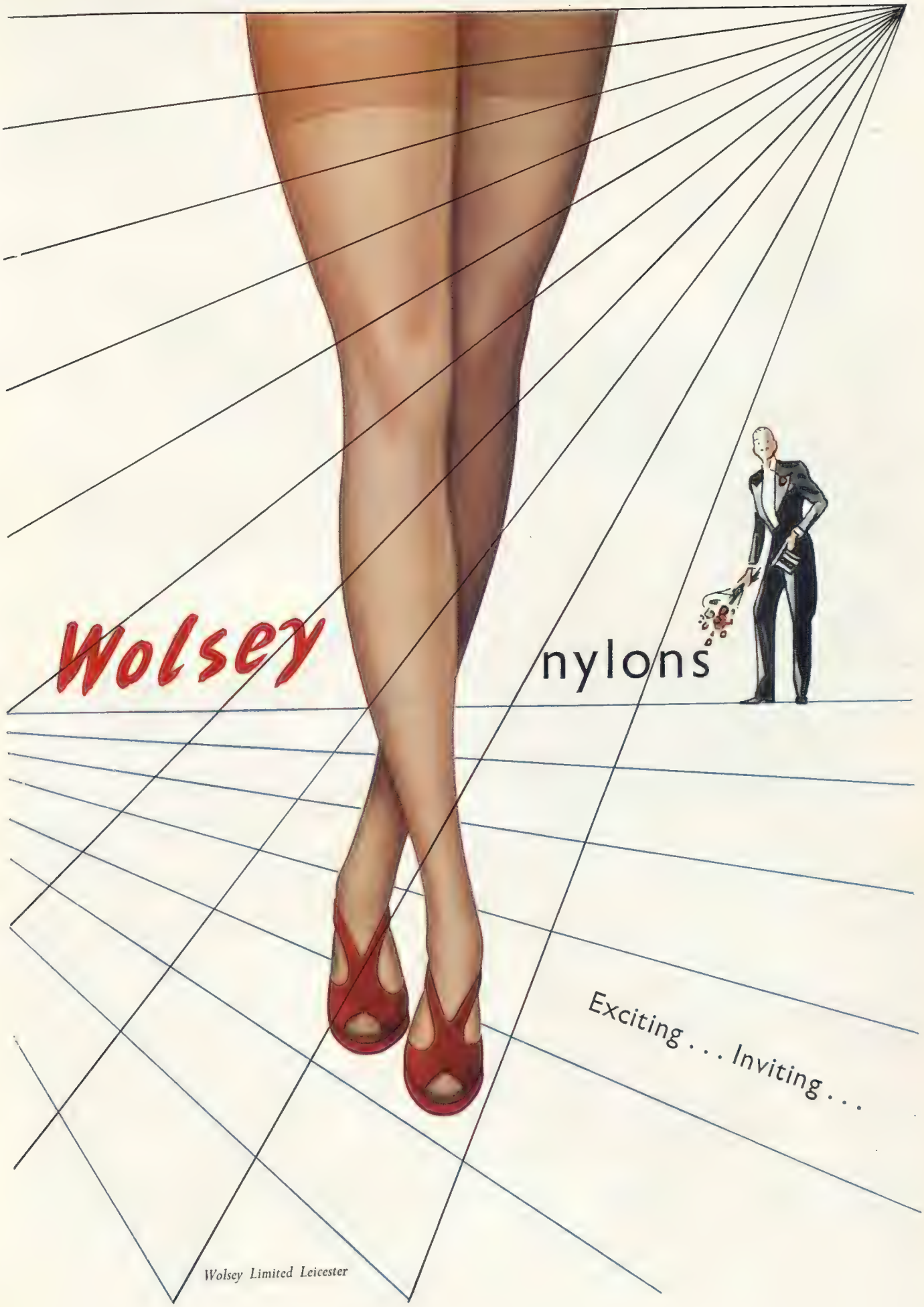
"Miranda," she said.

Quite naturally. Just like that. Well, perhaps better like that. "Mine's George," he said, absurdly conscious of it as his own intimate property.

"Oh, no!" She shook her head. "That's not a bit like you. Not really. Do you mind if we change it?"

"Into what?"

She looked at him (*Continued on page 51*)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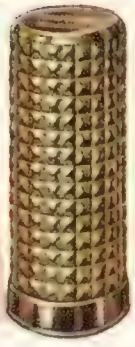

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consideringly. "I shall call you Peter. It isn't quite your name yet, but you'll find yourself gradually getting to feel like it. You've been George too long."

He was going to be George again very soon. Only one more station.

"The next is mine," he said, and hated it.

"Oh dear! And there are such a lot of things we haven't discussed."

"That's just it. When are you coming to London again?"

"I'm coming up to-morrow. After that—I don't know."

"To-morrow." He nodded, and made up his mind. "Miranda?"

"Yes, Peter?"

"Will you lunch with me to-morrow?"

She looked at him frankly.

"Sure you want me to?"

"Very much."

"All right, Peter."

"Thank you." He tried to remember a fashionable restaurant. "The Millamant? One fifteen? I mean one fifteen for you; I shall be there long before, trying to believe that you really are coming."

"I shall come."

"Well,"—he got up—"good-bye, Miranda, till to-morrow."

"Good-bye, Peter."

"I'm so glad I missed my train."

"I'm so glad I caught mine," she laughed.

"Millamant, one fifteen." The train stopped. He gave her a little bow, and went out.

HE sat in the lounge of the Millamant, near the swing door. Every time a taxi stopped, every time the door revolved, he anticipated the hat. It would be the same hat. For the first time he realized how many people there were in the world who were not Miranda; how many girls there were, well-dressed girls, pretty girls, who might have been Miranda but weren't; all followed by men, or waving fingers, as they came in smiling, to men who waited for them—as he was waiting for Miranda's up-held hand and warming smile. For Miranda's hat stooping out of the taxi. It was one fifteen. She would be a little late; it was a woman's right; but at any moment now she would come.

Sometimes they didn't come. A page-boy went through the lounge calling for Mr. Peters, and disappeared into the restaurant. He, or another, had come in again, calling for Mr. Ransom, and this time Mr. Ransom at the near table had beckoned him, and gone off, presumably to the telephone. George had watched him idly, had seen him later, hat in hand, making for the door. Mr. Ransom's girl couldn't come; she was making some other arrangement. Tea perhaps. George had felt condescendingly sorry for Mr. Ransom, because at any moment Miranda would be here. . . .

"Millamant, one fifteen." There could be no mistake, no mistake about the promise to come. Millamant, one fifteen, and already it was one thirty.

He ordered himself a drink. She would understand. She would explain why she was late, and say of *course* he was having a drink, poor man, and of course he must have another, and then she could have one too. At one forty-five he was having that other one, but she need not know that it was his second. Yes, she was a little late, but he had liked waiting for her, knowing that she would come, and he'd just ordered himself a drink, and what would she have? And then they would raise glasses to each other, and he would be looking at her again, and hearing her voice again, and hearing her laugh. . . .

It was two o'clock when he left, it was so obvious now that she was not coming. He thought of all the places where she might be, the restaurants where she might have gone by mistake. What about the Mirabelle—was that its name? Something like that—but it was too late now, she wouldn't be waiting there now, not all this time. He felt that he ought to have done something earlier, but he didn't know what. A younger man would have known. He was both too old and too inexperienced for this kind of thing. He didn't know what to do when these things happened.

Then, with a sudden lightening of the heart, he told himself that she would be going back by the six twenty-five. Of course! Then so would he—why not? He was his own master, and he could go by any train he liked. He would see her on the six twenty-five again!

He had a hasty lunch at his club, and went back to his office, almost happy. But all through the afternoon's work she made fleeting visits to his mind, asking him each time if he were sure she would be on the six twenty-five. Fool, he thought suddenly. Of course I'm not. It is she who has broken our engagement, who for no fault of her own was forced to break our engagement, and it is she who will try to make up for it. She knows that the five thirty is my usual train, and she will look for me there.

Or won't she? Isn't that too much to expect of her? Won't she look to me to come by her train?

Oh well, which? Obviously both. He must be there for the five thirty, and, if she didn't come, wait for the six twenty-five. He would be at the barrier. His friends would say "Hallo, coming along?" and he would explain that he was waiting for somebody.

He waited. She did not come. He waited until the six twenty-five was moving out of the station. She had not come. . . .

He had a carriage to himself again. Yesterday she was sitting there opposite to him. To-day only her ghost. He still had that feeling that he had been stupid, that he had missed something. . . . The train was coming to his station, he was standing hat in hand again, saying "Good-bye, Miranda, till to-morrow," when suddenly he remembered; when he heard again her voice saying, "I shall call you Peter. You have been George too long," and he heard again a boy's shrill voice calling "Mr. Peters! Mr. Peters!"

"Oh, God!" he cried aloud. "I deserve it!"

Ethel was very much Ethel that evening. She had all this to tell him about Tim Ferrars. As soon as possible after dinner he escaped to what she called his den, saying that he had letters to write. He only wrote one letter. It was to Mary.

END

Tricks That Decide Careers

(*Continued from page* 13)

and letters to attach to the front and back of their clothes, these for identification purposes as it seems the examining staff is not apt enough to memorize names. Yet rarely are more then twenty-five guests at the party and there's really quite a lot of time to study them.

I've been at big parties in America, labelled "Ferdinand Tuohy, Foreign Correspondent," and haven't liked it; I'm sure I should hate passing upstairs at Cobham, labelled "F" fore and "2" aft.

Let us say there are twenty-four on our party. They are divided into three groups, to each of which are attached three members of the directing staff—a chairman, a psychologist, and an "observer." Chairmen are people like ex-colonels, Ministry of Labour officials, and professors.

Each group is eleven strong, all told, and so it remains. The three members of the directing staff are with their group at all times when tests are being carried out, and in addition sit amongst the candidates at meals and join them in their leisure periods at the bar, in the common room, or strolling in the grounds. Candidates may be forgiven for at times feeling rather like insects under the microscope, and more than a few insects have responded too naturally to absurdly cheap drinks—though "absurdly" is the wrong word. (*Continued on page* 52)

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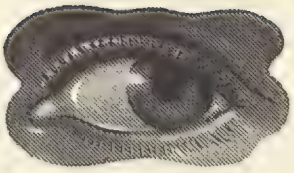

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. . . for the little chap to want to copy Daddy—busy in the garden—planting, watching things grow—always happily occupied, he's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put him out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs'

Tricks That Decide Careers

The first day is given over to intelligence tests extending over five hours, morning and afternoon. These tests may be verbal, numerical, pictorial, literary, musical, historical. Take the verbal. A single word is displayed for five seconds, and candidates are allowed twenty seconds in which to write down their immediate reactions. As many as forty such words will be displayed, so that the whole test may mean a quarter-of-an-hour's high pressure thinking.

The pictorial test is done with lantern slides, but is a more involved affair than merely jotting down one's reactions to them. Reactions must be written down in twenty seconds in the form of the plot of a play. But the last slide being a blank, you have to describe an imaginary picture in its case—ten seconds—and then one's reaction to it in the customary twenty seconds.

A less entangled test is the book one: two lists are provided, one of authors and the other of books, and the candidate has to relate one to the other.

The evening of the first day is consecrated to discussion. Each group goes to a separate room with its lynx-eyed attendants, and a topic is set and discussed for ninety minutes, during which the Three sit around and take no part. You may make bloomer after bloomer in discussing, say, "The Mediterranean: Is it important to Britain, and, if so, how and why?" You will not be corrected—although you may espy signs of distress on the faces of your numbered and lettered fellows.

And then, just when candidates think they have about earned bed, they are invited to fill in forms giving personal details about themselves and their interests. The test here is one of succinctness, of getting "the most in little."

The second day is usually given over to one big subject which is pulled and developed in all directions. A favourite theme is the imaginary island handed over to the United Nations for use as a D.P. centre. On the strength of a dossier of twenty typewritten pages, candidates have to prepare an agenda of matters for discussion with the existing governor of the island, as also a list of objections liable to be raised at U.N.O. (naming the specific nation-objectors).

Then comes the test of chairmanship. Each candidate is given fifteen minutes in which to digest a particular aspect of the island's future, and then he or she has to preside over a discussion. Topics dealt with include: Industry and trade; trade unions; foreign relations; defence; machinery of government; courts of law; housing; public health, utilities, transport and communications.

In the afternoon comes a second dossier and this time each group works in two units—which means four or five candidates putting their heads together. The dossier deals with the landing and reception of the first D.P.s, and it has to be read through and reported on in forty-five minutes. Each sub-group prepares a programme for transporting, feeding, lodging, interviewing and instructing the arrivals—all in strictly limited conditions. Finally each sub-group discusses the whole matter with the directing staff and an agreed programme and plan is concerted.

On the third day there is a spot of General Post. The groups shed bits of themselves, so that candidates may meet people with whose views they are not yet familiar. The subject matter for discussion is usually domestic, as: Is a limit of income desirable? If so, why, and what should it be? Is taxation fair or unfair, and how can it be altered to make it fair, if not already so? This test is expected to draw out the political bent of candidates and in the afternoon they are drawn still further when each gives a short talk on an indicated subject.

Twenty minutes are allowed in which to prepare a ten-minute talk; candidates say at the start the kind of audience they assume they are addressing; they may use only twenty words by way of notes.

Next comes the reporting test. At a given time, each candidate collects a dossier at the reception desk and half an hour is allowed in which to get the hang of it. It may be eight or ten pages setting forth the French proposals for the internationalization of the Ruhr, and the British Government's objections. When the half hour is up, you have to go to the directing staff common room and make a verbal report to the three lynx-eyed gentlemen. It must not exceed five minutes and you are limited to ten words on paper by way of notes.

The fourth day opens grimly with one-hour interviews with the group chairman and the group psychologist, and half an hour's interview with the "observer." Candidates who feel they have any insides left after that are called upon to face what must be for some the hardest job of the lot: the "block tests."

These consist of arranging nine blocks into nine different patterns, but whereas the patterns to be copied are black on a white background, you must reverse the colours and also make the pattern twice as large.

On the last evening candidates fill in a form stating what ranking they would give to other members of the group (*a*) for entry into the Civil Service and (*b*) for a month's holiday; and so the proceedings at Stoke d'Abernon conclude on a note of girlish laughter.

But when it is learnt that over half of those who fail at these tests have previously won university or college scholarships, the light note is apt to dissolve. The feeling grows that the four days under observation may not be a true guide to ability and that the ordeal should be thrown open in detail to the scrutiny of qualified outside judges.

Would you be at your best if labelled "F.2" and constantly followed round by a trio set on piercing your inmost mechanism for days and—who knows—nights on end?

END

The Small British Farmer

(*Continued from page* 15)

the pail's contents into snowy froth inches deep; while the crouching cats, pin-points of green light in the outer shadows, caterwaul weirdly for their bowl of milk.

It is still dark when he goes into breakfast, having milked and foddered the beasts. After breakfast there is the byre to muck out and probably a morning round of the hill with his collies, to see that all is well with the sheep; for, winter and summer alike, his sheep live on the hill and even drop their lambs in the high places. There is no pasture to be spared for them in the narrow glen. In the afternoon there is wood to be sawn up, fences to be mended, field-drains to be opened up, stone-dykes to be built up, and a hundred and one other jobs that he has been intending to do since the last of the harvest was gathered in and the last of the sheep sent away to the sales, but has never found time to do. Already the short winter's day is shrouded in the grey gloom of evening, and it is time for high tea, and milking and foddering by lantern again. Then there are accounts to be made up and forms to fill in. At nine o'clock, or thereabouts, he rouses himself and quaffs his nightly draught of milk, before pattering up the winding stairs to bed.

And then, in spring, when the last of the frost is out of the ground, there is the plough leaping and bounding through a wave of boulder-studded turf, and the subsequent harrowing with the heavy iron-toothed harrows—whose motion seems by contrast that of silken nets—after he has gone up and down his field a hundred times, broadcasting at each lurching stride, from the tray slung around his neck, a handful of oat-seed, now left, now right.

Hardly has he got his seeds safely covered from the sharp eyes of the greedy gulls and rooks than the first lambs are being born on the hill; and now, for three and perhaps four weeks to come, he must find time to make two rounds of the hill every day, morning and evening—here, to help a young ewe scared of her first (*Continued on page* 54)

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labour and mistrustful of the strange white object that is her lamb; there, to help to her feet again a ewe, who has fallen upon her back in a hollow (from the weight of her fleece and unborn lamb) and, unable to roll over on to her feet again, lies helpless at the mercy of any grey crow bold enough to approach her and peck out her eyes and tongue. There are lambs to be rescued from burns into which they have fallen when following their mothers, as the latter graze far afield in search of early green bites; lambs to be lifted from ewes that have no milk and put on to other ewes whose own lambs have died, and in this operation the Old Man usually succeeds by skinning the dead lamb and making a little coat of the skin for the strange lamb, whom the ewe may then accept as her own lamb. Seldom a day passes that he does not come home with a lamb in the game-bag slung on his back, for his wife or daughter to warm back to life in front of the fire and with a drop of gin. If it has been a hard winter and many ewes have no milk, there may be more lambs to be bottle-fed than he can spare cow's milk for. Often it is nine or ten o'clock at night before he can find time for the evening milking.

By June, however, most of the lambs are strong enough to fend for themselves, and he struggles to make up for the lost days among the crops, before the shearings come in July and, after them, the lamb-dipping in August, and the sheep sales in September.

END

The Small British Farmer

The Mermaid Legend

(*Continued from page 25*)

of a coincidence that the book which contains the story was printed "at the sign of the Looking Glass" on London Bridge; for the comb and the glass are the invariable concomitants of all the northern mermaids, though not, I think, of their Mediterranean cousins. I have never heard any explanation of the fact, or of the mermaid's addiction to the habit of combing her hair on all occasions; what is rather interesting is that it was still looked on as unlucky for people to comb their hair on board ship in comparatively modern times, and even for the ship's cat, more particularly if it happened to be a black cat, to wash behind its ears.

There is a highly circumstantial account in a seventeenth-century news-sheet of a mermaid who had the ill-fortune to get herself washed ashore at Greenwich after a great gale, complete—as usual—with comb and glass. Unluckily, however, before anyone could make a close inspection of her, she turned over on her back and floated away; and the description of her, "with her arms folded on her breast," together with the fact of the gale which preceded her appearance, lead one to conclude regretfully that she was the figurehead of some ship named the *Mermaid* which the rough weather had torn away, and no true mermaid at all.

I have known a good many ancient mariners in my time, and heard some exceeding tall tales; but, so far as I can recall, none of them ever claimed to have seen a mermaid. I did, however, once meet a woman who said she had seen one. Some people she knew in Capetown, she said, had caught it—or her—out fishing, and kept her for a time in the lily pond in their garden, until, tiring, presumably, of the lily pond, she vanished in the night and was no more seen—having, no doubt, made her way back somehow to her native element.

Now, so many queer and unlikely things do happen that I am always unwilling to say I don't believe in anything, however incredible it may seem. But somehow I couldn't believe in that mermaid. It wasn't that my informant was a liar, though she had not that regard for the truth that one could have wished. But even liars tell the truth once in a way.

No! That mermaid just didn't ring true. For mermaids after all don't sit in lily ponds and waggle their tails at the goldfish. They are creatures born of the winds and the seas and the old gods—a part of the ancient yet undying dreams of man and the eternal childhood of the world.

END

Oh, What A Tangled Web!

(*Continued from page 19*)

said, "I am committing a breach of the regulations. How shall I look the next time I have a defaulter up in front of me? No, I'm afraid it won't do."

"Then I'll go and see the admiral," said Peggy, "and tell him that it was all my fault."

"Definitely, no!" Peter's jaw came out in a manner that his first lieutenant recognized.

There was a silence as Peter refilled the glasses. Presently he spoke.

"I don't want a scandal," he said. "I should hate to be put in the dock, but I couldn't go on in command. If I resigned my command, asked for a transfer for urgent private reasons, I think that honour would be satisfied."

"Oh sir," protested Number One.

"Bookins!" Tears were in Peggy's eyes.

"That's settled," said Peter briskly. "I shall rely on you, Number One, to arrange the disembarkation. And now we'll just squeeze the last drops out of the bottle." He refilled the glasses. "Good old Chatham!" he said.

In difficult moments life becomes much easier when an irrevocable decision has been reached. Peggy's presence on board was a tonic to these hardy seamen. There was not one man in the whole ship's company who had not set eyes upon the captain's lady; and having set eyes the universal reaction was wholly favourable. Peggy had a freshness which was completely unassuming. She spoke freely and gaily to everyone. And the ship's company would cheerfully have committed wholesale perjury on her account, alone. Peter, too, rose to the occasion. If this was to be his last voyage let it be a good one. He planned to have an evening sing-song on the foc'sle if the weather continued fine, and a dinner party as well to all the officers off-duty.

But the weather did not continue fine. The sky greyed over, the wind began to rise, and the sea humped itself into unpleasant rows of foot hills, which looked as if very little more wind was required to turn them into mountain-ranges.

The gale followed them to Malta, and blew furiously as they rounded the tip of the island and made up for Valetta harbour.

As he sighted the familiar skyline and recollected what he had decided to do, Peter felt very sorry for himself. But he was busy and the feeling passed. It came back with redoubled strength and a certain feeling of panic when he received from the Commander-in-Chief an order to berth alongside the Flagship on arrival.

He showed the message to Number One with a dry grin.

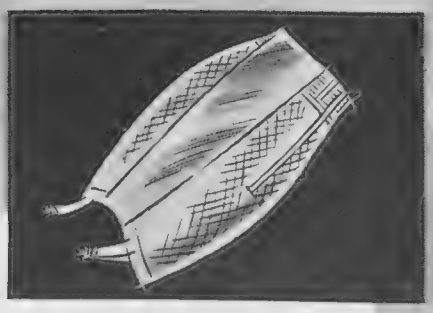
"Fly for your life," he quoted, "all is discovered."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Number One.

It was raining hard as he took the *Wholesome* into harbour, and rounded her up alongside the flagship. A small oil-skinned party took his berthing-lines in silence and secured the destroyer alongside the big cruiser.

Looking down from his bridge, Peter saw one of the flagship's officers that he knew huddled inside an oilskin and looking at him with welcome in his eyes.

"I bet you're glad (*Continued on page 56*)



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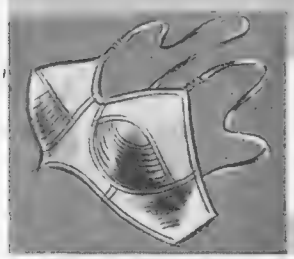

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KOLYNOS
TRADE MARK
DENTAL CREAM
Its refreshing lustre-foam
MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS

to be in," he said as the destroyer made fast.

"What," asked Peter, "is the big idea of berthing me alongside like this?" He waited with apparent nonchalance for the all-important reply but his heart was thumping a trifle.

"Oh," said the officer, "Tufty" (and here it may be disclosed that the Commander-in-Chief, by reason of the whiskers which grew out of his nostrils, was known, in his absence, as Tufty) "Tufty wants to have another look at his old ship. Narvik and all that you know. He got all sorts of gongs when he was in command of her. He's staging a party for you, and you'll have to stage one for him or I'm a Dutchman."

"Oh," said Peter, "is that all."

"What else could it be?" asked the other.

"What, indeed," said Peter and went blithely down to his cabin. But his relief was short-lived as he saw that his quarter-deck was totally exposed to view both from the scuttles of the cruiser's cabin and from the admiral's stern-walk.

Peggy was up and about as he entered his quarters. She was pale from her experience, but cheerful.

"How wet and salty you are, dear Bookins," she said.

He kissed her absently.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "but I'm worried. Less than ten feet away, through two thicknesses of ¾-in. steel plate there is an old gentleman called Tufty who is the Commander-in-Chief. He will shortly be paying a visit to this ship. I shall bring him into this cabin and he must not see you or this, or this, or even this." He held up evidences of a feminine presence for her to see, and then sniffed. "Nor," he went on, "must he smell that delightful perfume. It might give him ideas, not in keeping either with his age or my sex. Pass me that new monkey-jacket, there's a good girl. I am off to pay my respects to the redoubtable Tufty. If you hear footsteps and a loud purple laugh go and hide yourself in the you-know-what." He grinned at her as he went out. "One day" he said, "we shall be laughing at all this—perhaps."

The Commander-in-Chief was geniality itself. He had a plump and cheerful expression but a tendency to high colour which betrayed a hasty disposition.

"Just wanted to have another look at her," he said with heartiness. "D'you mind if I come down and wander round? I like to see a ship when she's just come in from sea."

"It's raining," said Peter, going to the door of the admiral's cabin. "May I expect you in about twenty minutes, sir? I'll just get things squared off."

"I'll come with you now," said the admiral, "I don't want a lot of ceremony. Besides, as you said, it's raining and no one will be looking. Probably not even the officer of the watch. So lead on, Parker!"

Peter lead on with this mountain of geniality at his side. He hoped that Number One would be on the alert, he hoped that Peggy would do as she was told and he began to realize that there was truth in that proverb about people who practise to deceive.

"Good old Number One," he said to himself, "good old Number One. He's there." He introduced his second-in-command. The admiral shook hands, and then turned for the hatch as an extra squall of cold rain blew into his starboard ear.

"I'll lead the way, Parker," he said, "it won't be the first time." Peter looked at his shipmate with a Sidney Carton expression, and followed his senior officer below.

The Admiral was entranced, and a little overcome as he took in the decor of the cabin. "Two and a half years of war in this hooker," he said huskily, "and there were months at a time when I slept aft." He stepped into the night cabin and sniffed the air. "Hasn't changed at all," he said, "but it smells better."

Peter peered past him to see whether Peggy had hidden her traces. "Bless the girl," he said, and hoped for her sake that the admiral wouldn't stay long.

He touched the bell and the steward appeared, shaking like an aspen leaf. In his imagination Peter could sense his whole

'Oh, What A Tangled Web!

ship's company waiting with bated breath for the reappearance of an admiral whose empurpled face indicated that he had unmasked a criminal.

"Gin, please," answered Tufty, "good for the kidneys."

They drank and the admiral relaxed, standing in front of the little anthracite stove, warming his stern as no doubt he had done in many corners of the North Atlantic. At regular intervals he passed his glass and each renewed tot of mother's ruin brought forth greater and more glorious recollections. He was pleased, no doubt about it. Presently he drew breath and Peter touched the bell again. "No, no," Tufty said, "I mustn't bore you any more. You and three of your officers will dine with me to-night, that is unless you have something better to do?"

"Thank you, sir, I'd like to," said Peter.

"Are you married?"

"Yes sir."

"But your wife's not here," the admiral answered for him in providential fashion. "Right! I'll expect you and your party at nineteen thirty. What is it?"

This last was addressed to his flag lieutenant who suddenly appeared from behind the door curtain.

"A signal, sir," said Flags.

The admiral took the signal-pad. "s.s. *Esperanto*" he read, "engine breakdown. Serious leak in after-hold. H'm. Any passengers?"

"Quite a number sir, some of them for Malta from Gibraltar." The flag lieutenant looked inquiringly at Peter who displayed a "dead-pan" face.

"Tugs?" asked the man of action.

"Two," replied the flag lieutenant. "They can sail in an hour."

"Duty destroyer?"

"I was going to ask you, sir."

The admiral turned to Peter.

"What about it, Parker? Are you game? You've still got steam in your boilers. I think we should get out to the *Esperanto* as soon as we can. Serious leak."

Peter noticed the "we" and shivered. "Oh what a tangled skein we weave—" how that damned jingle went through his mind. "Oh quite, sir," he said.

"Well," said the admiral, "I'd like to come with you. Revive old times, what? Hope I shan't be sea-sick. Don't care if I am."

"This," said Peter, but to himself, "is the end."

"Twenty minutes then," roared Tufty, "don't come up. I'll get back and shift into my destroyer trousers, if they fit me now, which I doubt. Let me know when you're ready to slip."

"What is it, sir?" asked Number One. Peter told him.

"What about your missus. Shall I try and smuggle her into a *dghaisa*?"

"Yes," said Peter, and went to release his bride. She was composed, and not resentful. "Get into that oilskin," ordered her husband, "and that sou-wester, and go on deck and do what Hardy tells you." She looked bewitching in her over-sized clothes, and he felt better again. She was worth whatever trouble she caused.

An hour later the *Wholesome* was plunging into a head sea. On the bridge, a fine impressive figure stood, jaw out and raindrops falling from his bewhiskered nostrils. Next to him stood Lieutenant-Commander Peter Parker.

Presently a third figure joined them.

"Did you succeed?" asked Peter, out of one corner of his mouth.

"No, sir," came the despondent reply. "Couldn't get a boat, they were all sheltering from the weather."

"Where is she now?"

"In the tiller flat."

"Poor girl." He had reason to say that; the tiller flat was right aft and not a comfortable place.

"She insisted on it, sir."

"Good show——."

"Flare, right ahead, sir!" reported a look-out. Peter turned to his main task.

The *Esperanto* was (*Continued on page* 58)

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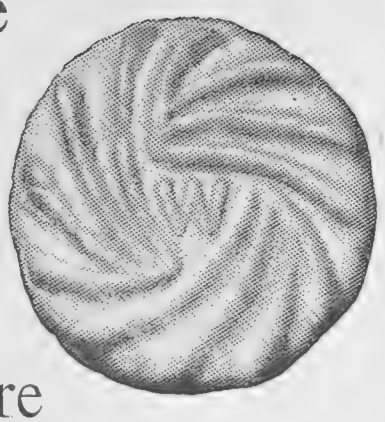

but only tasting will tell you of their sweet, short-eating daintiness. For they are indeed biscuits with a charming way of their own. Made only by Weston's, Dainty Fare are supplied throughout the country in limited quantities and you should be able to get them as an occasional treat.

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wallowing in the trough of the seas, and looking what she was, a wornout, obsolete passenger vessel on which her owners had stinted money for her upkeep.

She lay heaving slowly and the destroyer sidled close alongside. As they got near they could see that the ship had a considerable list. A light began to flick-flick.

"Intend to disembark passengers. After-bulkhead strained. Please make lee with oil-fuel." As he got that signal, Peter felt a curious lightening of his heart. This was what She might have been enduring. Nothing mattered if she was safe. After all, what was a career?

It was long and anxious work. The ship's unwieldy lifeboats were lowered full of passengers and brought across the intervening seas under the light of searchlights and flares. The crew of the *Wholesome* took the passengers in-board and nourished them. Then came part of the crew, and then the master signalled that he would stay with the remainder and wait for the tugs. Soon the lights of the two rescue ships hove into sight and the admiral gave his blessing to Peter's suggestion that the *Wholesome* should make for harbour at full speed.

It was a dull grey dawn when once more Valetta harbour was reached, and Peter felt for the first time a sense of great weariness. The excitement was gone, the deception was successful, and very soon the price must be paid.

He berthed his destroyer on the flagship with the ease borne of extreme weariness. And then he went aft amongst the chattering passengers who had emerged from the shelter of the messdecks. They were very cheerful and there was a suspicious aroma of rum in the air. Number One had been using his discretion.

Aft on the quarterdeck Peter saw Peggy and alongside her he saw his admiral. Tufty was a little bristly about the chin but his eyes were bright and his manner very gracious.

"This young woman of yours," he said to Peter, "will get you into trouble if she doesn't look out. It was lucky, wasn't it," he said, and one of his eyelids quivered for a moment, "it was lucky that you were able to rescue her with the other passengers."

"Very lucky, sir."

"Your officers and ship's company are"—the admiral sought for a word and found it—"dependable?"

"Entirely, sir."

"Then," said the admiral, "we all understand each other."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Peter. His heart was very full.

"That's all right, my boy," said Tufty and turned with a wicked twinkle to Peggy. "Perhaps you and your husband will come and have dinner with me, one day soon," he said, "and then you can tell me the details which you omitted. I'm a married man myself."

He went to the gangway and became the senior officer.

"Thank you, Lieutenant-Commander Parker," he said, "for a most instructive trip." He raised his hand in answer to the salute of a man who would have died for him at that moment, and went back to the lonely dignity of an admiral's cabin.

END

Oh, What A Tangled Web!

Hot Money (*Continued from page* 20)

table? He finished the war with al arge safe full of British currency which he had every reason not to bank. Many others turned their hot pounds into property, land, diamonds. They bought businesses and furs and art treasures and cellarsful of wine. But our fat friend turned his hoard into well-picked securities. He sold a year later and bought South African stocks and bonds.

Then he went out to Johannesburg. He had found that South Africa, although a member of the sterling area—that's the area inside which sterling moves freely between countries—does not, like the rest of the group, put her dollars into the big common pool administered from London by the lads of the Sterling Area Statistical Committee. South Africa, with 11 to 12 million ounces of gold to sell annually—mostly to London—sells a portion of the yellow metal direct to the U.S. Treasury, and banks the dollars she gets in return.

Our fat friend bought gold in Jo'burg, shipped it to New York, and received dollars in return. Then he went out to New York and invested his dollars.

I should add that our fat but agile friend is not a British national. He came here from Czechoslovakia at Munich time, and thrived exceedingly in wartime Britain.

Quite a lot of internationally-minded or shrewdly-advised persons worked this "Escape Sterling" operation before the Bank of England Control people said: "Now, now; come, come; here, I say," and the Union government moved in and put a stopper or two in the leak in the dam.

The watchful and nimble gentlemen who are always studying the defences thrown up to protect an unwanted (in the international sense) money, and conserve or attract a wanted money, late last year spotted a promising soft spot. It was located in Brussels and was caused by the technical peculiarities woven by simple-minded trade officials into the Anglo-Belgian trade agreement.

A sleek Egyptian potentate whom we will call Akher Pasha returned from the Alexandria plage to his Cairo palace in a decidedly sulky state of mind. The French beauty who currently fascinated him was not content with fashionable clothes, bangles, and a drawing account. She wanted a gleaming, soft-rolling Packhard. Unfortunately, Packhards cost dollars, and while the pasha had ample supplies of pounds, he could not get dollars for them—the Exchange Control was singularly uncorruptible.

In this dilemma he called in his business adviser, who smiled and spoke thus: "The British have made a trade agreement with the Belgians. It's extremely unlikely that the British can make good their deliveries. The Belgians know that and have stipulated that if the trade exchange gets badly out of balance, if the Belgians find themselves supplying to Britain far more than the British are supplying to Belgium, something must be done about it.

"Suppose the Belgians supply so much to the British that they're owed ten, twenty millions of pounds more than the Belgians owe the British? Why, since the British can't level up by supplying goods to absorb the sterling debt, the British must allow the Belgians at a certain sterling debt level to draw gold or dollars instead of useless pounds, pounds which won't buy any British stuff."

The pasha snorted. How did all this dull economic nonsense help to solve his problem?

"Now, as the British will fall down on supplies of goods, the Belgians are going to have quite an influx of gold or dollars, both of which will buy Packhards—whereas, as we know, pounds will not buy Packhards. So we send your large sterling bank balance to Brussels. When the trade balance goes against the British to the point where gold or dollars have to be sent into Belgium from Britain's store, then we immediately convert some or all of our pounds into dollars, and bring it back in the form of one or a whole fleet of Packhards. I advise a fleet. We can dispose of them here at an excellent profit."

And so it came to pass.

A speculation, of course. The British *might* have been able to keep the trade balance level, or even in their favour. But the detached watchers are pretty shrewd judges. They thought the British trade officials had embarked on a losing gamble. And anyway the pasha didn't stand to lose anything. He just moved his available block of pounds from Cairo to Brussels, and if the speculation didn't bloom, all he had to do was bring his pounds back again.

END

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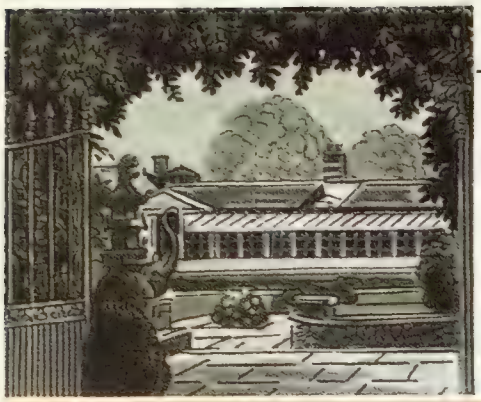

ROEHAMPTON

The Bar at Roehampton Club, from a painting for Votrix Vermouth by Leslie Saalburg

ROEHAMPTON CLUB was formed as a Polo Club in 1901, one of the brothers who founded it, Col. C. D. Miller, being now the Managing Director.

The site consisted of undulating farm lands, which were levelled and laid out as Polo grounds. Soon the Club became an internationally famous Polo centre. Visiting teams came over from America, Argentina and India and on match days the spacious grounds were brilliant with fashionable crowds.

The Club has become a centre for all kinds of sport lovers, pre-eminently a place where games are played rather than watched. It is the headquarters of the Croquet Association, the championships and other tournaments being held on its verdant, close-cropped croquet lawns.

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Though only five miles from Hyde Park Corner, the Club Gardens give one a sense of seclusion and rural peace. Dark yew hedges intersect smooth lawns, and in summer there is a blaze of roses. The old English Sun Garden is bounded by moss covered walls and in its centre lies a round pond paved with glittering turquoise tiles.

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All White In Cable

(*Continued from page* 36)

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 4 ins. K. twice into the last st. (73 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and patt.

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 8 ; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 8 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Rep. these 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—* P. 1, k. 8, p. 1, cable 8 sts. ; rep. from *, ending p. 1.

6th row.—As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. on the 11th and every following 6th row, six times. Continue until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

(Wrong side of work facing.) Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole edge row ; then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row 15 times. Continue in patt. until armhole measures 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row ; work for 1½ ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 40 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work 4 ins., k. 2, p. 2, knitting twice into the last st. (73 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles, work the first 4 rows of patt. as for the right front.

5th row.—* P. 1, cable 8, p. 1, k. 8 ; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. Continue now as for the right front with the shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2. Work for 3 ins. K. 2 tog. at the end of the last row (55 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and patt. as for cardigan ; work 8 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every following 6th row until 94 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Sew up the shoulder seams. With No. 12 needles, and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 84 sts. round the neck. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 1 in. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonhole : Rib 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 2 sts.

Next row.—Rib 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 3 sts. Continue making buttonholes 1½ ins. apart until 9 buttonholes have been worked. Rib 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off. Rib another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part on the *wrong* side lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth, omitting all the k. 2, p. 2 ribbing. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttonhole ribbing to the right front edge. Sew on left front edge. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Honey And White For Swimming

(*Continued from page* 36)

Work on these 98 sts. until 6 honey stripes have been knitted, ending with a white stripe.

Change to No. 14 needles and rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 12 needles and patt. Commencing with 13 rows white. Work 3 stripes in honey, then 13 rows white (7 stripes in all from waist ribbing).

SHAPE FRONT

Join on honey wool. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows (joining on white wool after the 8th row of honey stripe). Continue now all in white. Now k. 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 60 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures 24 ins. from the cast-on edge.

Next row.—Slip the first 10 sts. on to a stitch holder, cast off 40 sts. Now rib the last 10 sts. in k. 1, p. 1 for 20 ins. Cast off. Return to the 10 sts. on the stitch holder. Rib in k. 1; p. 1 for 20 ins. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after ribbing at the waist. Work the 12 rows patt. (white) after ribbing, 3 honey stripes (white stripe in between). Work 8 rows only of white. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams and under-seam. Cross the straps at the back and stitch down. With No. 13 needles and white wool, and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 140 sts. round the lower edge of leg. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off with double wool. Work the other leg to correspond. Work a No. 12 crochet hook work 1 row of d.c. across the back and up each shaping of each side of front. Work 1 row of d.c. across the cast-off sts. at the front.

END

A Defender Of The Faith

(*Continued from page* 28)

Sadek was dying. Then he renewed his weeping.

"Nonsense," said Miss Buckle. She sat boldly down beside the groaning cook and felt his pulse. Then she felt his forehead. It was clear that he had a fever. She fetched some pills and a cup of water.

"Drink this," she commanded. But the man only closed his mouth in a gesture of refusal and shook his head.

"Come along," urged Miss Buckle.

The lips were closed more firmly.

"It will make you well."

The head was more resolutely shaken.

"Bless the man!" ejaculated Miss Buckle, "Doesn't he want to get better?"

Ahmak's weeping had been suspended out of sheer curiosity as he watched these ministrations. But now he found tongue :

"Khanum, it is Ramadhan ; and not yet sunset."

"That," said Miss Buckle, "is beside the point."

The houseboy gaped with horror. "Khanum, it is the command of the prophet ! To eat between sunrise and sunset is forbidden. Only the mullah can authorize to eat."

Miss Buckle sighed impatiently. "Where" she demanded, "is the mullah?"

Ahmak wept anew. "He is not here. Sadek will die. It is the will of Allah."

"It's plain stupidity," retorted Miss Buckle. "Come, Sadek, drink some water and swallow this little white pill."

For answer the man on the mattress turned his face further into the pillow. Ahmak's hitherto silent weeping became a howl of lamentation.

"This," Miss Buckle told herself, "cannot be allowed to go on." But she knew the stubbornness of the East, the futility of reasonable argument against the commands of that great and reasonable leader, Mohammed. A flash of contempt for the Koran and its teachings (*Continued on page* 62)

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momentarily lit her mind, and in that instant she recalled the great opening sentence :

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate. . . ."

She looked steadily down at the pitiable figure on the mattress whom she had hitherto known only as a cheerful and devoted rascal whose bazaar bills must be contested daily. And as a kind of undertone to the majesty of the Mohammedan invocation there stirred in her mind certain words which her father had once recited to her as coming from the mouth of the dear Queen herself :

"And whatsoever religion you shall find them to be of, you are to respect it."

She turned towards Ahmak, bit her lips, and said gently :

"The servants of the English khanum, are they not also the servants of the khanum's king?"

Ahmak bowed miserably.

"The Padishah of my country is lord even of his mullahs. He commands my cook to drink the medicine and to be well. Truly there is no God but Allah and my Padishah, the lord of many lands, obeys Him."

She bent forward and lifted the sick man's head, at the same time putting the cup of water to his lips. She motioned to Ahmak to support his colleague so that her left hand might be free to place first one, then another tablet on his tongue. Then she gave him the cup to drink again. He swallowed the tablets unprotesting. Ahmak lowered him gently back on the pillow.

"Sleep now," she said, "and you will be well."

At sunset the fever left him. And this happened because Miss Buckle had no children now to bring up in the way she knew that they should go.

THE story of the healing spread quickly. Each day a longer line of ailing humanity formed outside the gate of Miss Buckle's garden. She had no medical knowledge but her prestige as an Englishwoman demanded that something must be done. Aspirin tablets and Epsom-salt accomplished much, but many came who demanded more serious treatment. She decided that the Chamberlain must recognize his responsibility.

So she went to the Chamberlain. Eventually an adobe hospital was built. Eighteen months later a young Scots doctor arrived, animated by a love of adventure and the realization that his qualifications were insufficient for his advancement at home.

With the arrival of the doctor, Miss Buckle found her own authority restricted. She sought a further field. Loaded with medicines and attended by only two devoted servants who suspected that she was mad, and therefore holy, she journeyed where no white man, and certainly no white woman, had ever journeyed before.

Through her journeyings she acquired a knowledge of the tribal districts which not even the Emir himself possessed, and of which even the British Minister found it sometimes advisable to avail himself. With her hair dyed with henna after the custom of the country, roguishly arrayed in a costume which (said the ladies of the Legation), made her look like Robin Hood in a provincial pantomime, she became a legend—and a power. At first she suggested; then she advised; and at last she dictated what was to be done.

But Emirs and British Ministers are, after all, only human. They do not like to be overmuch dictated to. And the radio sets were only the last of many straws.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, Miss Buckle proposed, should be instructed to broadcast talks on hygiene by eminent British specialists; and the Government should provide a hundred receiving sets for distribution among the tribes and isolated villages so that the talks might be listened to.

"But how," protested the Minister patiently, "will power be obtained for the operation of these sets?" And he thought he had her.

But as usual he was wrong. "Generators," retorted Miss Buckle. "Oil-driven."

The Minister was obliged to admit to himself that, for a relic of the Victorian Age, Miss Buckle contrived to keep herself admirably abreast of the Age of Technology. There was nothing left but to be very firm.

"No," he said. "It cannot be done."

Miss Buckle snorted. (She had ceased to be ladylike years ago.) And she went to the Emir.

A Defender Of The Faith

HER interview with Majesty was polite and therefore long. The Emir never underestimated an opponent. He knew that he was quite unable to compete with her in argument and accordingly agreed to all her suggestions. But as soon as the audience was over he went to the telephone, an instrument which he distrusted but was determined to master. Because it happened to be a day on which the Baghdul telephone system was in order (there were not many such days), he was speaking to the British Minister in less than half an hour.

"And so, my dear Excellency," His Majesty murmured, "the concession will be granted. . . ."

"Ah!" The interruption was not perhaps diplomatic but the Minister could not restrain it. He had been waiting for this for months.

". . . as soon," continued His Majesty, "as Miss Buckle has gone home."

"Oh," said the Minister.

"All things," His Majesty concluded, "are with God."

Excellency had never felt inclined to agree with Majesty more; and both parties hung up.

The situation, the Minister decided, after long and anxious thought, called for initiative. One did not like to resort to anything so drastic but there were times, even in diplomatic circles, when nothing else remained but to face facts. After all, Charteris was at the Foreign Office now, and though a decade had separated them, they had both been to the same school.

He would write to Charteris personally.

THE man who had been young Charteris thirty-five years ago picked up the letter which his secretary, after a horrified glance at its contents, had placed where his chief could not fail to see it.

"I think," the letter began, "you may remember a certain Miss Buckle. . . ."

Charteris chuckled. So she was still there. And whipping the Emir now, and the British Minister in Baghdul, as she had whipped a native donkey-driver all those years ago. He was glad he had seen that light in her eye. . . .

He rang a bell.

In the Legation a gentle wind of relief blew through the Chancellery offices. The Minister found himself singing while he shaved. In the royal palace in Baghdul the Emir smiled and a light gleamed in his sleepy brown eyes.

Miss Buckle had made it known that his Britannic Majesty's Government had invited her home to England for consultation. She was to travel, on Charteris's instigation, by air.

It was of course her duty to go. She would need a visa from the Baghdul Consulate in London, before she could return to Baghdul; but the invitation did not remind her of this. "If the Emir doesn't want her back again," Charteris had chuckled to himself, "that part of the arrangements is up to him!"

The letter from Whitehall had borne Charteris's own signature. Miss Buckle recognized it with a smile. Like herself, Charteris too was still unmarried. She bought a new hat and a length of flowered chiffon.

The Minister, the Chamberlain, and a crowd of lesser dignitaries gathered at the plane to see her off. She was almost buried under a load of bouquets and silver caskets of sweetmeats.

The plane took off. A young man from the Legation, who was also going home, helped her to arrange her flowers. She thought him charming and was glad that his seat was next to hers. Shouting even more than usual, to make herself heard above the noise of the engines, she told stories of her early days in Baghdul, (*Continued on page 64*)

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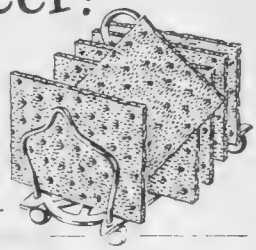

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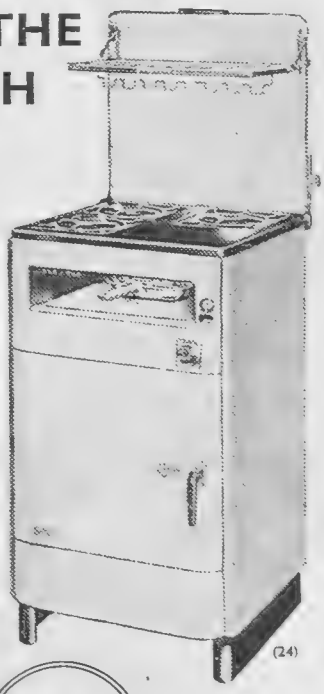

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of ministers she had known and dealt with, of how nowadays people did not properly appreciate the meaning of the white man's burden. . . .

The young man was sympathetic but smiled inwardly at this demodée Britannia by his side. Yet he found something to admire in her. She had done a jood job according to her lights and her limited imagination. Indeed, he almost envied her tremendous self-confidence. Clearly it never occurred to her to question the superiority of her own race. Her faith had something almost religious in it; it was ridiculous, perhaps, but not altogether ignoble. . . .

The plane droned on.

They were flying over the desert when the trouble began.

The stewardess moved quietly from passenger to passenger, informing each individually that the plane would land at the first convenient opportunity on account of engine trouble, and advising that safety-belts should be fixed. There was no danger.

"One didn't have this sort of bother," Miss Buckle shouted as she adjusted her belt, "in the old days—on a camel!"

The young man smiled but had not time to think of a rejoinder. As the stewardess opened the door to return to the control cabin, a puff of smoke darted out; and for a moment it was illuminated by a gleam of flame.

"Fire!" someone shouted. A woman screamed. Several passengers, forgetful of their restricting belts, tried to rise in their seats. Voices demanded what was the matter and what was to be done. The plane began to lose height very noticeably.

Miss Buckle, her new hat knocked awry by the falling of her companion's dispatch-case from the rack above her, shouted, "Disgraceful!"

"Panic!" he mouthed back at her. "Have to stop it!"

A Defender Of The Faith

Miss Buckle nodded vigorously as she straightened her hat and then jabbed him fiercely in the ribs.

"Sing!"

"Yes, but what?" he shouted.

Eyeing the confusion of her fellow travellers with undisguised contempt, Miss Buckle had already released herself from her safety belt, risen (somewhat uncertainly) and begun:

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free . . ."

The young man, also risen, began to conduct with one hand, contributing a parade-ground bass:

"How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?"

The better to make herself heard Miss Buckle contrived to move along the narrow aisle, her hat hanging from her neck by its velvet ribbon, her henna'd hair escaping above it like an avenging angel's. She bellowed into the ear of an astounded and terrified Balkan diplomat:

"Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set——"

"God who made thee mighty," bellowed the young man in support, "make thee mightier yet!"

One by one the voices of other passengers, ignorant of the words but vaguely recollecting that they had heard the tune before, joined in:

"La, la, lalala, la, la,
La, la, lalala, la——"

At last, all available voices fortissimo, aflame from stem to stern, the plane landed, skidded along the sand for sixty yards in a great cloud of dust, and broke into three pieces. As it did so, Miss Buckle was thinking of young Charteris and her length of flowered chiffon. There were no survivors.

END

Supper In The Garden

(*Continued from page 47*)

DATE CRESCENTS

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; little egg or milk.

Date Filling.—¼ lb. dates; walnut margarine; 1 tablespoonful water. cream all together in a pan.

Roll pastry thin and cut in squares about 4 ins. Take one corner of square and roll it up to the opposite corner. Bend round to form a crescent. Brush over with egg or milk and bake in moderate oven, Reg. 5 or 350° F., about 15 to 20 minutes. Split through and spread with date mixture.

CHERRY CUSTARD TARTLETS

Ingredients: ¼ lb. short pastry; ¼ pint very thick custard; 1 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful almond essence; a few chopped glacé cherries.

Line tartlet tins with pastry, sweeten custard with sugar and mix in a few chopped cherries and almond essence. Fill tins and bake in moderate oven, Reg. 4 or 300° F., about 20 minutes. Decorate with half a glacé cherry in centre of each.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 42*)

make sure of bringing your ration of tea. You are allowed half a pound per person per month, and this will make a very welcome present if you intend visiting.

I HAVE been on the lookout for the New Look, and although you do not see it so often here as you do in London, nevertheless it is definitely making a modest debut. All the shops have their models labelled "New Look," but the funny part is that in order to give an impression of increased length they have shortened the stands so that the skirts practically reach the floor. There are plenty of New Look hats and some very pretty moderate New Look full-skirted, tight-waisted afternoon dresses and full-skirted suits with little nipped-in jackets.

On the whole a holiday here is just as expensive, if not more so than it is in England. The Utility type of dress starts at £9 and goes up to £15. I bought men's handkerchiefs priced 2s. 6d. each; white linen, 2s. 9d. each; Net cotton stockings, 8s. 11d. a pair; mercerised cotton anklesocks for myself, 1s. 11d. a pair and lastex yarn ankle socks for 2s. 11d. a pair. The only saving is on coupons.

END

Charlie Shall Come Again

(*Continued from page 32*)

He has no hand with the house of Hanover?"

"Och, aye, he's loyal, sire, heart and hand. But he too, must live. I'm not blaming him. It's a hard life in these parts, and a hard job to get your living. Rain and storm, weeping skies and salt seas . . . the harvest is a poor, blackened thing."

"My harvest, too, is a poor blackened thing," said the young prince sombrely, "were I king, you should enjoy your own forever, for this night's kindness."

But Norman Ross, rising, knelt beside him, taking his hand, and raising it to his own bearded lips.

"No pay for that, sire," he said quietly. "We ask no better than to live and if needs be, to die for you."

Prince Charlie's eyes rested on his, in a look of understanding and affection.

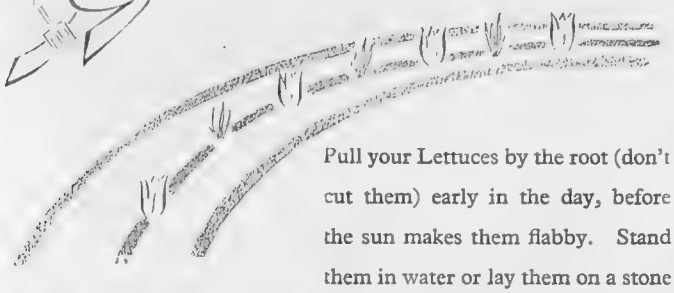
"God!" he said impatiently. "Had I but the money to pay this paltry debt. Willie . . . what's in the purse?"

"Three crowns, your grace. No more, no less," replied the cheerful little Highlander.

"Three crowns, hey? And I have plunged all Scotland into hell for the sake of one: So the world goes."

He relapsed into (*Continued on page 66*)

Plant for Plenty –



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Pull your Lettuces by the root (don't cut them) early in the day, before the sun makes them flabby. Stand them in water or lay them on a stone floor to keep them crisp. Sow more White Lisbon Onions and keep Radishes growing fast by watering them every evening in dry weather, otherwise they will be tough and woody.

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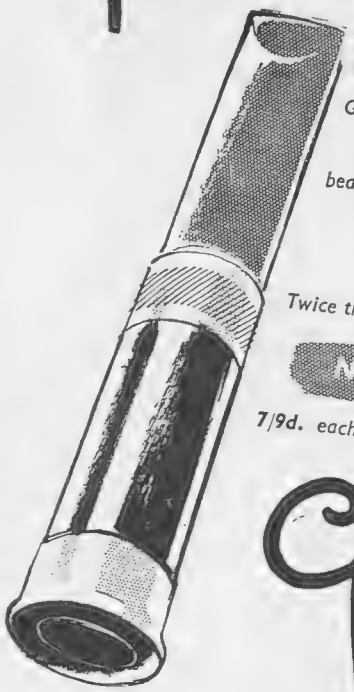

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a moody silence, during which Mrs. Ross motioned Alison to help her clear the china, and the two of them, on tip-toe, pulled, back the sliding door of the great box-bed in the kitchen wall, one of those box-beds you may find in old Scottish houses, so cunningly concealed that when the panelling is drawn, no man may say there is aught there but a wall of the chamber. They brought fresh linen, smelling of lavender and herbs, and when all was ready, the mother gently touched the pillow.

"God keep him safe this night, and all nights," she said very softly, and returned to the sitting-room.

"Your bed is ready when you wish to sleep, sire," she said. "Alison, the warming pan."

Alison took down the old copper warming pan from the wall and filled it with glowing peats from the fireplace, then closed it firmly and thrust it between the sheets. This done, she wandered to the door, leaving her mother busy in the kitchen, helped by the cheerful Willie, and her father and the prince still seated at the dining-table. She passed out into the wild night, letting the wind lift and toss her curls. She stood there gazing out over the sea in a strange sort of silence, as though the hands of Destiny were closing around her in a relentless slow movement. If she could have evaded them, she would not.

"You, too, seek the night air, Mistress," said a voice beside her. "I am fain to join you. When a man has lain in the open, night after night, he finds the warmth of a kindly room and table somewhat overpowering. You have lived here always, child?"

His long finger touched one of her golden curls.

"Always, sire."

"Never call me sire to-night. We are alone, and my dreams have faded into dust. I have lost my battle, my throne, and my crown. I may find courage again, but to-night I am lonesome, Alison, and hope is very far from me."

"You will hope again, sire. . . . I ask pardon, I do not know what to call you."

His hand, leaving her hair, wandered to her shoulder, and rested there. "For to-night, call me Charlie. Yes, I may find it again, I know not. But it comes to me sometimes in a sad dream that I shall see Scotland no more, once I sail from her shores."

With wet eyes, she moved closer to him.

"You will return sire, you *must*.

"Sire?" he said.

"Charlie," she whispered.

His arm tightened suddenly around her. With a finger of his other hand beneath her chin he lifted her face, those eyes of his that no woman could resist, smiling down into her own.

"Alison," he whispered. "Alison, *mo rhun**."

Their lips met in a long kiss. The rain, the storm, the howling of the tempest, all were forgotten. It was the moment of all moments in her life, the dream of all dreams come true. It was many minutes before he raised his face from hers, and suddenly, almost roughly, let her go.

"Let it be told of Charles Stuart," he said with a bitterness that struck into her heart like a knife-thrust," that once, in all his useless and purposeless life, he chose right, and did the same."

"Charlie . . . my love. What do you say? What do you mean?" And now it was she that clung to him.

"I could have what I so much desire this night," he said. "That I well know. Give me grace, Alison, that I have not so chosen. Give you good-night, child, and when you are older and wiser, remember always that Charles Stuart gave you, for a while in passing, his heart, but that he took . . . nothing."

Agonized, bewildered, she was still gazing up at him imploringly, when the sound of distant tramping struck on their ears. In an instant she was on the alert.

"Sire . . . Charlie . . . into the house. It may be soldiers. It may be the English."

"Always hunted, always, always," he said, and turning on his heel, darted within. The older couple, too, had heard the sound, and were at the doorway.

"Quick, into the kitchen, sire, into the box-

* "*Mo rhun.*" *Gaelic,* "*My heart.*"

Charlie Shall Come Again

bed. You, too, Willie. Yes, boots and all. Leave nothing without that may trace you."

The panelling was drawn, the catch snapped. Mistress Ross had long since cleared the table and washed the china. She, her husband, and Alison, gathered quietly around the big fire, as a loud knocking sounded on the hall door.

"Open, in the King's name," said a voice.

Norman Ross went deliberately to the door, hurrying himself not at all. He opened it, admitting, as they had feared, a red-coated officer, followed by ten or twelve men.

"You'll permit me, sir, to search your house. We have reason to believe that the young Pretender has passed this way. We have traced him so far. I wish no harm to you or yours, but I must request that we make search."

Ross surveyed him indifferently.

"You are welcome to search," said he.

They made a thorough job of it, cupboards, bed-chambers, "keeping-room," linen closet, all were turned out, but the solid panelling of that one wall that was in nothing different from the others, held its silent secret.

"More time wasted," said the captain, mopping his brow. Then he paused in the hall. "Maybe *I'm* wasting time," he said significantly. "You Scotch like gold and silver well, I'm told."

"The word is 'Scottish,' sir, and for the rest, I understand you not," returned Ross, his dark beard cocked defiantly.

"Do you know that there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds offered for Charles Stuart, dead or alive?"

"*Thirty thousand pounds?*"

Both the Rosses uttered the words beneath their breath. Their eyes met, then they both let their gaze wander around the hall, and in towards the lighted doorway of the sitting-room of the old home they so much loved, the home which they were to be forced to leave. Thirty thousand pounds! Their glances, which had wandered over each loved and lovely thing in the room, finally met again. It was as if they had exchanged words. Mrs. Ross even smiled. Her husband stepped forward. "Were it thirty million," he said imperturbably, "I could not tell you where Charles Stuart is this night."

"Eh, well," said the captain. "Pity. We must be on our way. God, let me never stray so far from home or into such heathen parts again. 'Give you both good-night. Good-night, young Mistress. Faith, I might well have known the Pretender's not here, since with *you* in the house, he'd never lie alone."

Laughing uproariously at his own jest, he swung his men away. The tramp-tramp grew fainter in the distance, finally died into silence. Mrs. Ross went into the kitchen, lit candles, and drew back the panel.

"All is safe, sire," said she. "You are with your true friends and loyal subjects."

The prince sprang nimbly down into the room, laughing.

"Faith of a gentleman," he cried, "my head was shaking on my shoulders. I was half way to the Tower of London. Were not you, Willie?"

"I wadna hae got that far," said Willie grimly. "I'm no prince. A rope wad hae disposed o' me. But I wasna enjoyin' masel'."

"Mr. Ross," said the young prince, gravely. "I understood you to say you were like to lose your home, for want of money to pay your rent."

"That is so, sire."

"Yet e'en enow you were offered thirty thousand pounds?"

"Your Royal Highness is pleased to jest," replied Ross, without moving an eyelash, or changing his expression.

"Have you an inkhorn and parchment handy, sir?"

"Alison, bring them," said her father, looking puzzled.

Alison did so, watching her hero with anxious adoring eyes. He sat at the table, and wrote, as Mistress Ross was wont to recall afterwards in her old age, "with but one pause for thought, and that at the end. Then he signed his name after the Latin manner, as do all (*Continued on page* 68)

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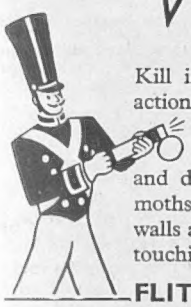

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reigning kings, and the princes, their lawful heirs."

He folded the parchment, sealed it, and handed it to his host. "Carry that to your laird," he said, "when I am gone my ways. And now, by your courtesy, I'll sleep. Hey, Willie?"

Sleep he did, in the comfortable box-bed, whilst loyal and faithful Willie lay by the kitchen fire. So early that the dawn scarce glimmered, he would be on his way.

"No, no," he replied, in answer to all entreaties. "They may search again, and search better, and I'll not have my true subjects and loyal friends imperilled for me. God forever bless and guard ye all, that saved my life this night, when ye might have saved your own with such ease and convenience. Mistress Alison, I carry your memory in my heart, the memory of a lovely dream untouched by the disillusionment of waking."

Regardless of her parents, he walked up to her, took her face in his long slim hands, and kissed her on the brow. Then, without another word, he walked out of the house, leaving Alison standing in a rapt heartache, that was as much joy as sorrow.

HER portrait, painted by a strolling artist, hangs on the panelled wall to this day, in Kilkiven House.

"She has that strange look," said a visitor to those parts many years later, "of those who die young. *Did* she do so?"

Mistress Ross, now a very old woman in her ninetieth year, smiled rather sadly.

Charlie Shall Come Again

"You are right, sir. She only lived another summer. It was the consumption. Maybe it was upon her . . . before. But I would not have you think she suffered. Her death was like a most lovely falling asleep. And I think she held all heaven in her hands for one short evening and morning. Yes, sir, I do think it."

"And what was in the parchment that Prince Charlie wrote?"

"The parchment? That was a request to the laird that my husband should be allowed to own his house and land, he and his heirs, in all perpetuity. The laird was a just man, and he loved Prince Charlie, so he did not refuse it. You may see it, sir, if you visit the great house on the hill; they keep the parchment in the library, under glass. They will show it you with pride. But we . . . we have our memory of him."

"A sad memory, surely?" said the visitor, sighing.

"Sad? I know not. We try to turn Fate, we humans, but I know not. Only this I know, and all who loved him know it. . . ." She wiped the tears from her dim old eyes, "would God that he *had* died upon Culloden Moor. Bonnie Prince Charlie! I think my lassie had the happier lot. Yes, sir, I do think it."

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Prince Charlie drank himself to death in Rome, some years later. To the end of his life, the Highlands of Scotland believed in him and waited for his return. This may not be generally known to the average reader.—M. J.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

in the bard's life that "make of Shakespeare the Hamlet of Parnassus and of Hamlet the Shakespeare of the stage." Ordinary readers as well as scholars will find his theories stimulating, though the simple introduction to the fine Olivier film should suffice most people: "This is the story of *a man who could not make up his mind.*"

A RE-ISSUE of Miss Elizabeth Jenkins's **"Jane Austen"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) calls only for a reminder that it is one of the best biographies of our time and of the spirit of hers.

THE novelist who probes the problems of a modern marriage can count on a wide range of reader-interest on subject alone, whatever the treatment. In Mr. Gilbert Frankau's **"Michael's Wife"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) it is sexually frank. Fran, who drives a canteen for the W.V.S., thought: "We don't need children. We only need each other," but later changes her mind. By that time her husband, Major Collyer—invalided out for nervous disability after Dunkirk, and working as a journalist—doubts his ability to give her a child, even under treatment from a medical psychiatrist. The relationship is complicated by past infidelities on his side, a new attachment on hers. Mayfair parties, raids, home guard, journalism form the background to a wartime story written with Mr. Frankau's uninhibited impetus.

EQUALLY frank on the sex note and eighteenth-century court scandals is Mr. Dennis Wheatley's **"The Shadow of Tyburn Tree"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), another picaresque Roger Brook story in which his dashing hero goes on a secret mission to Catherine II's Russia, his "ripe, luscious" heroine narrowly escapes the scaffold. The gipsy-born Lady Georgina, bless her, boasts that she has been a highwayman's "secret moll," and as a lustily bawdy wanton of George III's reign might be called Forever Ambergris. Mayhap and alack, 'tis a jaunty tuppence-coloured romance with all the ingredients of an escapist best-seller.

MISS HILDA LAWRENCE'S **"The Pavilion"** (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.) is a suspense novel of a murder in a big country house in the U.S. south tensely charged with feudal atmosphere. The heroine, aided by a cousin, has to get to the root of a brooding, baffling mystery that haunts the imagination right to the end.

OTHER books recommended to readers.

BIOGRAPHY

In **"Citizen of the World, Franklin D. Roosevelt"** (Skeffington, 21s.), Alden Hatch draws not only a portrait of the great statesman, but also an intimate sketch of the man.

Reminiscences of a famous actor, playwright and producer, make fascinating reading in Leon M. Lion's autobiography, **"The Surprise of My Life"** (Hutchinson, 21s.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"What the Countryman Wants to Know," by Fred Kitchen and Clifford Greatorex (**Gollancz, 8s. 6d.**) is a well illustrated nature book of interest to town dweller and countryman alike. Leon Sciaky records his early recollections of the turbulent Balkan scene at the turn of the century in **"Farewell to Salonica"** (Allen, 10s. 6d.).

NOVELS

Novels of interest include Curzio Malaparte's remarkable panorama of the moral and physical decline of modern European civilization, **"Kaputt,"** translated by Cesare Foligno (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.); **"Answer to Question 33."** a story set against a background of international diplomacy by Christopher Sykes (Collins, 8s. 6d.); **"The Golden Egg,"** a glimpse of Hollywood behind the scenes by James Pollack (Allen, 10s. 6d.); and Marghanita Laski's witty and perspicacious novel **"Tory Heaven"** (Cresset Press, 7s. 6d.).

DETECTIVE FICTION

Good detective novels recommended include **"This man is a Spy,"** by D. L. David (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Love Lies Bleeding,"** by Edmund Crispin (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); **"Man Running,"** by Selwyn Jepson (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.);

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